

CONTENTS:

Lady Washington and her Coterie in 1776	
—by Lena Allsopp	33
The Mysterious Mason	36
An Interesting Narrative	42
“My Brother”	45
A Registered Oath.	46
The White Apron—W. H. Henderson	48
The Cryptic Rite	48
Masonic Visiting.	49
Saloon Signs.	50
Colored Masonry	51
Practical Masonry	54
Masonry and the Eastern Star	55
The Way to Do It	55
EDITORIALS, ETC.	
Encourage Our Own	56
Complaint from British Columbia	57
Reports on Correspondence	57
New Masonic Temple	58
Making Members Too Fast	59
Grand Lodge of Utah	60
Grand Lodge of Arizona	60
Laying a Corner-Stone.	60
Editorial Chips	60
Chips from the Quarry	63
Officers for 1890	63
Deaths	64

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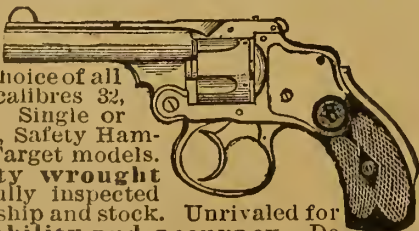
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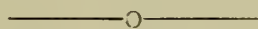
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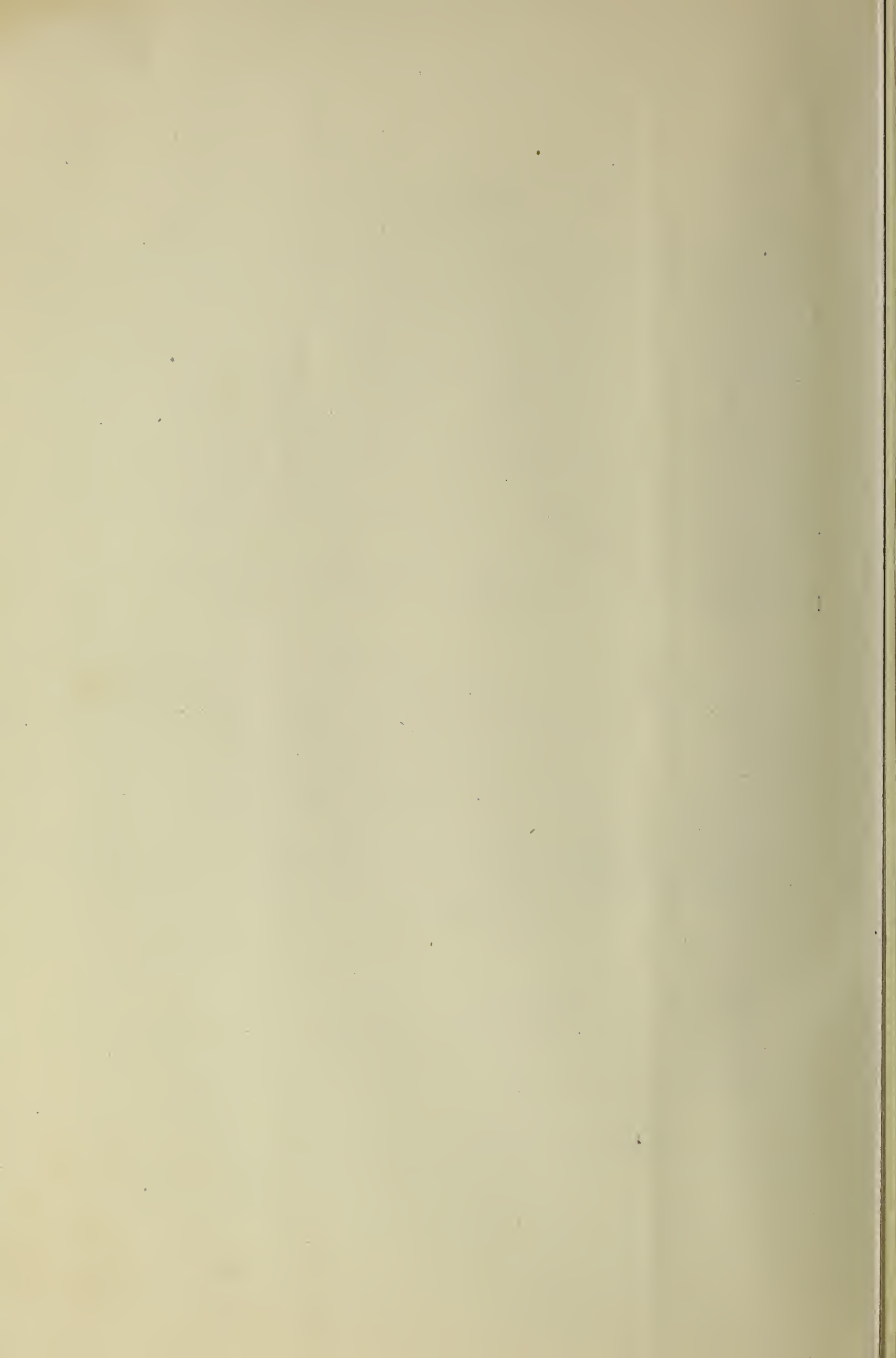
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No. 2.

Written for The Trestle Board.

Lady Washington and her Coterie
in 1776.

BY LINA ALLSOPP.

More than a century has passed since Washington, the good, the great, fought for, and accomplished our independence, and not long since, the nation owing him so much endeavored to celebrate in a manner worthy of her, and her glorious hero the anniversary of his success. Enough has been said, written and sung of this great event, unparalleled in history's record, when Britain's choicest troops, warriors skilled in all the tactics of war and hitherto invincible, were forced to retreat and acknowledge themselves beaten by not only inferior numbers, but raw recruits who were ignorant of even the simplest rudiments of military science. Every child almost is conversant with its history; therefore, without further prelude I will proceed with my story.

It was a lovely evening in the month of June that Lady Washington sat gazing from the window at the calm peaceful scene nature spread before her. Her sweet face had a sad, pensive cloud cast upon it, for she had just bidden adieu to her beloved husband, who had started upon one of the expeditions that his high position in the American army made

necessary. To a fond, tender wife, such absences are not apt to engender mirth, and though proud of her heroic spouse, still, were there moments when my lady would sigh for less glory, less honors, which would have ensured to her the more frequent and longer presence of her idolized lord. As she thus sat pensively gazing upon the fair scene, the drawing room door was flung open, and the sable *major domo* of the general's mansion announced in a loud pompous voice, the names of the fairest of the many fair damsels who graced with their beauty and presence the Republican court—the Misses Schuyler, Thompson and Underhill. All were members of the writer's family, and it was from the lips of Miss Thompson, my great aunt, that the following tale was gleaned.

I will not linger over the toilettes and costumes of these ladies; you can see them any pleasant day as you promenade the fashionable streets, for the head-gear or dress vary so little that I should be puzzled to define the difference. Full well do I remember in my girlish frolicsome moods, how I would electrify and astonish my good old aunt's circle of friends, by bouncing suddenly upon them decked out in her maiden finery which I had disinterred from some wonderful old trunk hid in the garret, where many objects of by-gone days were left to crumble away, forgotten and uncared

for. The scanty narrow dress, clinging to the form, its numerous ruffles, folds or bugles; the mountain upon mountain that arose over the brain as if to weigh down and prevent any ebullition of genius from escaping, and the dainty hat with its flowers or feathers—do we not see the same now?

Lady Washington rose to greet her guests, with that sweet pleasant smile so peculiarly her own, and whilst they are discussing the various topics of the day I will endeavor to give a short sketch of each fair face and graceful form. Miss Schuyler, daughter of the general of that name, and known later as the beautiful wife of the unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, the victim of Aaron Burr, was one whom to see was only to admire in wonder at her matchless loveliness. Fascinating in manner, as she was perfect in form, and feature, none could feel surprised at the homage paid her. What pen could portray her varied charms, her complexion, the rosebud mouth, pearly teeth, eyes of liquid light, now flashing with genius or melting in tenderness, and a form that Venus herself might gaze upon with delight, if not with envy. Poets and artists have handed down to posterity the semblance of what she was to them. Then will I leave the task of description to their greater skill.

Angelina or Angletia Thompson had just attained her eighteenth birthday. She was beautiful as a poet's dream, a queenlike form of perfect symmetry and grace. She rose in lofty consciousness above her fair companions, as the noble oak outstrips its humbler rivals, her lily white complexion with the faintest of rose-tints, denoted health, the small mouth, with its red, pouting lips, displayed with their bright smiles the daintiest pearls treasured within; the tiny white hand, with its tapering fingers, coquetting so prettily with those auburn tresses over the white graceful shoulders, and falling in glossy waves. Then the little foot with its slender ankle peeping slyly out from the fleecy ruffles; the soft hazel eye ever varying in expression with each feeling or thought. Such was

Angletia, the pet darling of Washington and his sweet wife, who would fain have adopted her as their own, could her father have consented to part with his treasure; but though motherless, and Captain Thompson had re-married, he could not be induced to part with this cherished one, even though it were to such valued friends as General and Lady Washington.

Last, though by no means least, stands forth Louisa Underhill—"Mad-cap Lou," as her friends termed her, the darling, pet and torment, of her numerous friends and admirers.

Lou was the beau-ideal of a lovely brunette, the small sylph-like form, though lacking the commanding nobleness of her sister beauties, was far from being inferior in either charm or perfection. Boasting, when called petite by her loftier mates, of being the exact height of the celebrated Venus de Medici—precisely five feet. That dark black eye with its silken lashes would flash and sparkle at the slightest emotion, and woe betide the unhappy wight who would call forth its gleam of anger; its fire would seem to blight and wither him with its scorn and strength. Though childlike in form, manner and appearance, Lou was far from being a child. She was, in fact, older than either of her companions, being at this period in her twentieth year, and would pride herself upon her superiority over them in this, and her right, she averred, to their respect from her greater experience in worldly knowledge. "I was born before you, my dears," would she exclaim, when reproached for her thoughtless speeches or wild acts, "and before your baby eyes were opened to the wiles of this wicked world, I knew full well what I was about." And indeed she did, for that seemingly flighty brain, contained an uncommon amount of sound common sense, and where the calm quiet one would hesitate, she would at once plainly and clearly arrive at the right and only true solution, however hard the problem might be. Lou's eye, they were wont to say, could pierce a mile stone; one glance, alone

suffice to detect either truth or falsehood, and when that brave bold warrior Arnold essayed his fascinating powers upon our little fairy elf, she would calmly open her large black eyes to their full extent, seem to dive down into the deep recesses of his very heart, and the strong man would quail beneath her glance, turning her back rudely, to the horror of her friends, upon him, "False, false to the heart's core," she would mutter, "how I do hate him;" and when the cry of treachery was wailing o'er the land, did she shrug her graceful shoulders, saying, "I knew it, and told you so, but like Saint Thomas, you would not believe." Much of her impetuosity she derived from her ancestors. Lou was the lineal descendant of a far famed Indian chief, before whom all quailed and bowed—his wife, a gentle, golden-haired English Quakeress. Such were bright Lou's progenitors, and she gloried in her ancestry. "When angry, beware of my Indian blood, it is getting up to fever heat," she would cry; and she was right. Few, very few, dared to brave its fury. But yet, there was one, before whom, our Lou would become gentle as the dove, and whose mild look of reproof would cause her to pause even in her maddest, wildest mood. "Yes, I own it; I am afraid of Lady Washington, and whenever I feel wicked, or naughty in her presence, all I can do is to fly." Yet could our sprite be soft and tender, to her loved ones, who could guide her even with a silken cord, and lead her whithersoever they willed.

Louisa Underhill, now gaily tripping across the spacious drawing room, made her graceful obeisance to the General's gentle lady:

"Well, here we are once more, my dear madam; yielding the light of our bewitching presence and countenances to charm your solitary hours; for I hear our good and worthy commander-in-chief has again taken flight, leaving his fond dove to sigh and bewail the want of his protecting love in her now gloomy nest."

"Lou! Lou! How can you," burst

from the affrighted lips of her companions, for Lady Washington was a sort of saint before whom all bowed in respectful reverence; but for Lou, there were neither saints nor angels, who could ever repress any flight of fancy or sprightly word.

"Pray what have I done now," she said with lifted brow and hands. "It seems that I am always doing something horrid, for 'tis ever Lou! Lou! how can you?"

The lady smiled at the semblance of fright and calmly said, "My children, I am most happy to see you beneath my roof. Sorry am I that there should be at present so little attraction, but we will hope better for the future, when on the return of the General, and his young aids, our rooms will again be filled with lovely damsels and brave knights."

"Nay, dear lady," said Miss Schuyler, "we require nothing more than your own sweet presence. Balls and assemblies, are well enough in their way, but they finish at last by palling on the taste, and we long for the far dearer communion with a true, beloved friend, such as you have ever been to us, and which would be all but impossible in crowded rooms where gay forms are flitting ever in the sprightly dance."

"Right for once, Skylark," responded Lou; "but methinks one knightly presence would not at least seem amiss."

A faint blush spread over the fair countenance of Miss Schuyler, but she wisely remained silent, past experience having taught her the folly of repartee with her volatile friend.

"I wonder, Lou," said Angletia, "whether it is possible for you ever to keep still, or hold your tongue. Do you ever sleep, my dear?"

"Of course I do, but with the precaution of keeping one eye open in case of an emergency. One never knows what may be coming, and even when asleep, angels or devils might possibly hover over us, and I'm sure that I should want to talk with them, be they what they might."

"I should scarce imagine the last named personages, my dear girl," said Lady Washington, "would have any

communion with you, I sincerely hope not. My dear Louisa, you may deceive others, but never me. You are far from the thoughtless being you pretend, or wish us believe, and those wild gay spirits are to me but a flimsy veil hiding the good feeling heart which lies secreted beneath."

"Oh! if you are going to pay compliments, dear lady, I've done," and starting abruptly from her chair, she flew to the mirror with a "Let us see how I look. Angels and ministers of grace forefend!" she cried, "What a fright they have made of me!" and with one smart blow of her tiny fist, braids, puffs, pins, flowers and ribbons, were scattered at her feet to the consternation of her companions. "There now! I look like myself again." Shaking the glossy raven ringlets upon her shoulders, "and myself I mean to remain ever more. Why, girls, I was all head. Dear lady," she added, "will you be so kind as to ring the bell for Belzebub to clear away all this litter?"

Thus had she named the pompous butler who was delighted and proud of his high sounding cognomen of which he was quite ignorant of the meaning. Lady Washington quietly rang the bell.

"You may give all that trash to Venus," said the little imp. "I dare say that she will know what to do with it, and soon shall we see her sable countenance bending under the weight of fashion and folly, striving to vie with a Miss Thompson or Schuyler, but she'll not ape *me*, that much, I'll promise her."

The conversation now turned upon the events of the day; the latest news from England, the deaths, marriages, or flights of the many friends and relations of each, dwelling upon all who had proved true to their country, or who had ignominiously flown to the old mother for protection from the just wrath and indignation of all true patriots. Sad and serious even for our mad cap Lou were the many retrospective glances given to the past, for had she not a dear cousin (Lou was an orphan) upon whose brotherly care and protection, on whose truth and honor she would have

staked her life, and was not he now an officer of renown, fighting in the enemy's ranks against his own country and brothers. This thought would sober even our madcap, banish the smile from her lips, or the mischievous glance from her eye.

"My dear kind husband," said the good dame, "has never recovered from that horrid trial of poor young Andre. Oft have I seen him glance with a shudder of repugnance at the hand which was forced to sign his death warrant."

"But," said Angletia, "could nothing be done to save him? Have I not seen my mother rush forth among the wild boys howling for the blood of an English officer whom they were about to hang at her door; did she not snatch him out of their hands, drive him through our house to the back door, where a horse already saddled was waiting, and with a 'fly for your life,' see him safe and on his way to his own camp. Little did she heed their storming or rage. Yes, I've seen her do this, and for that brave, kindly act, was it that our house was sacred to the British army, standing alone in peace and security, when all those around us were leveled to the ground. Could nothing," continued Angletia, "have been done for poor Andre—so young, so handsome, so good; he the only son of a widow, too? General Washington, who stood so high, was so powerful, surely, he could have saved him, did he so choose."

"My child," replied the lady, "you sadly misconstrue the power of either king or kaiser, or even General. The crowned brow is never the happiest, or most independent; its weight bears down upon the heart as often as upon the brain, perchance more frequently. Washington did all that man could do, but his duty to his country was paramount, and when Justice spoke, in her loud commanding voice, he could not with honor close his ear to her call. Andre had a fair trial; his judges were men of honor, of integrity; endowed with the strictest principles and though all grieved and even hated the task assigned them, yet each and all, were

forced to yield to the inevitable and put their seal to his condemnation. Poor, poor Andre; think you not, that I pleaded for his life, yea, pleaded on bended knees to a loving husband, and my daughters pleaded in vain. Though stern and hard the duty, still was it just and right, and Washington never wavered an iota from the right path, not even were his own life and future happiness, nay—what to him was dearer still—that of his loved ones at stake.”

The conversation now wandered from Andre and all such sad gloomy subjects to more enlivening ones, and again were Lou's bright and mischevius spirits in the ascendant.

“By the way, Angletia, what has become of Captain Clinton? Has the handsome Fred struck his colors, wandered off from his allegiance, and to be seen no more, leaving stragglers to poach on his preserves?”

“I am not the Captain's keeper, Lou,” was the reply; but strive as she might, a guilty rosy hue would wander over her cheek and brow.

The little elf laughed gaily as she noticed the effect of her words.

“Captain Clinton, as in duty bound,” said Lady Washington, “has followed his chief, and on the General's return we shall no doubt see the noble fellow as bright, as devoted as ever.”

The lady cast a kind, motherly glance at her young favorite, whilst speaking. Alas! for the dreams of happiness. Angletia, even like unto her beautiful friend, Hamilton's bereaved widow, was doomed in the future to bitter sorrow. It is my intention to write merely a short sketch of a hundred years ago. I will therefore mention that Angletia Thompson was the betrothed of Captain Clinton, the wedding day was at hand, bride and bridesmaids ready, when the bride was hastily summoned to a far different scene, and only arrived in time to receive her lover's last sad farewell. He expired in her arms. Like unto Emmet's true love, she ever after turned coldly from the homage of the good and brave, and died at the age of eighty-one, a maiden pure, still true to her first

and only love. But again have I wandered.

“By the by, Skylark,” (this was a term of endearment allotted to Caroline Schuyler by her saucy friend), “what was that honied nonsense that contemptible puppy Aaron Burr was whispering last night into your delicate shell-like ear. Was it not, ‘turn those starry eyes on the most faithful of thy votaries, bending humbly before the shrine of thy beauty;’ or yet, ‘let the soft music from those ruby lips, float sweetly on the enraptured ear of your slave?’”

“Why, Lou,” exclaimed Angletia, before her blushing friend could reply, “those were the very words he addressed to me.”

“I knew it, I knew it. I have the whole string by heart. Alas! Sweet as sugar, as false as himself. The other evening, at Mrs. Decatur's, did I not watch him hovering like a silly bee, striving to extract honey from that little fool, Mollie Gray, and telling her, I have not the slightest doubt, that his heart was breaking for her love. Pity her name was not Alice, he might then sing at her to his heart's content. I waited until he had left his seat, and quickly appropriating the vacant chair murmured plain and loud enough for her to hear, all his love ditties; you should have seen her face, the red rose would have faded before it.”

“Well, Miss Pert,” said Miss Schuyler, “are there none, not one, who has the honor of approaching your standard of perfection, impervious to your darts? Hamilton is Signor Dignity; Clinton, a fond prejudiced swain, who can see no virtue or beauty, but in one cherished object; Wilson, is a big staring fool; Dacre, a blockhead. Pray who among our brave knights and defenders, can claim an approving glance, or smile, from Miss Louisa Underhill?”

The wild elf turned to the window and gazed abstractedly without, and after a few minutes pause, she replied: “Well, it you *must* know, I think Charlie Decatur is worth something.”

“Good gracious!” exclaimed in the same breath, both girls, “that coarse,

rough, sea bear!" The other evening," continued Caroline, "he nearly knocked me down in his endeavor to find me a seat. Why, he is decidedly ugly."

Lou's eyes blazed. "Not long ago, I saw that great, coarse, ugly sea bear, as you term him, rush among the angry breakers at the peril of his life, to save another's, whilst 'Dignity,' staring fool, and 'Blockhead' stood calmly looking on."

"Hamilton and the others," simultaneously exclaimed both girls, "are no cowards."

"Said I so," was Lou's scornful reply. "I dare say, if swords had been flashing, gleaming in the air, theirs would not have long remained in their scabbards."

"But, my love," interposed Lady Washington, "the sea is Charlie's natural element; from his earliest youth, he has been accustomed to brave its fury, and he has battled too often with old Neptune to be scared by a few frowns."

"Frowns, do you call it? they were mighty black and ugly ones."

"Well, what say you of yesterday's feat," said Angletia; "did I not see the cruel brute kick a poor dog fiercely, and even then, not content, but he must even blow his brains out. You saw him, too, my lady."

A scornful laugh burst forth from Louisa; turning her back on her friends she muttered, though loud enough for all to hear, "The dog was mad!"

"Heaven defend us!" almost shrieked the General's wife, whilst her cheek blanched at the recollection. "I saw him jumping, fawning, as I thought, on my husband."

"Yes," said Lou, turning toward them, her eyes flaming defiance, "and my——, I mean——" correcting herself, whilst blushing even to the ends of her fairy fingers, "the big ugly sea bear saved him from a terrible doom."

The good lady shuddered at the thought of a danger so horrible to him she loved; the two girls, struck dumb with terror and amazement, had not a word in reply; and there stood Lou, her

form stretched to its utmost height, her eyes shining with their fiercest light, for Lou was angry, and her tiny foot beating furiously a tattoo upon the carpeted floor.

Though strong the emotion, still did our lady note all these signs and with a sigh of relief for danger passed, she said, "My dear child, I honor you for your just discrimination; your usual good sense and piercing glance, hath alighted upon and marked at its just, true value, the rough diamond cast among us. Many more polished gems do we possess in our circle, but for honesty, truth, honor and valor, none can surpass brave Charlie Decatur, whom henceforth I shall hold in dear remembrance for the deed he has done until life and memory have faded away."

"I think I know a man when I see him," was Lou's triumphant reply, as she glanced at her friends.

"Who would have thought," said Caroline Schuyler, "that Charlie Decatur would have turned out a hero."

"Skylark," rejoined Lou, "all the world do not happen to be fools"—like you—she was going to add, but catching the reproof in my lady's eye, she hastily swallowed the pronoun and flying into one of her usual gay frolicsome moods began to banter Caroline with the name of Hamilton, when her young friends probably fearing some further and greater assault from their mischief-loving sister-beauty, arose and taking a kindly leave of Lady Washington, glided gracefully from the room, followed, by the little fairy imp, who was both the dread and delight of their lives, whom they feared yet loved, with all their hearts; this enfant-terrible, whom nothing escaped, whose eye could penetrate deep into the human mind, one whom none could ever hope to deceive, or be caught napping.

What enemies this fatal power of reading the human face has entailed upon its possessor. Lou, scarcely ever replied to words, but to the thoughts written on the countenance, and therefore she had many enemies. Fortunate was it for her, that fear of her power of

retaliation was greater than their courage, or condign punishment might have swiftly followed her many misdeeds, but she lived bright, sprightly and daring to become both wife and mother, and when old, and a widow, with her grand children gathered round her, her merry laugh could be still heard, as she recounted for their benefit the madcap pranks of her youth.

The Mysterious Mason.

[Bro. Charles E. Gillett, of Oakland, has handed us a copy of "The Borderer" dated at Los Cruces, New Mexico, July 3, 1872, which contains the following story.]

Monday, the 24th of June, 1872, known among societies religious and Masonic as St. John's day, was celebrated throughout the civilized world by ceremonies and festivities, partaking in their characteristics of the nature, education and nativity of those who participated in its observance.

In the City of the Crosses, nestled near the Rio Bravo del Norte, and overshadowed by the towering peaks of the Organ Mountains, those who look upon John the Baptist as a patron saint commemorated the day in the usual manner of the country. The noticable feature of the day, consisting of a crowd of all the boys in the town who could procure horses chasing each other up and down the streets with screaming hilarity.

But a band of brothers of the Mystic Tie of Masonry, hailing from every quarter of the globe, had gathered together in this far off and sequestered spot, to commemorate this, one of the gala days, of their Order. Their beautiful hall was decorated with pictures, and the symbolical emblems which constitute a portion of their common language, known, read, and understood by the Fraternity in every land. The hall was situated in the upper story of the only two-story house upon the main street of the town, and a glance through the illuminated windows of the lower rooms revealed tables already loaded with a rich and elegant repast.

Darkness had enshrouded the earth and from the open windows of the upper

hall floated sweet strains of soft music, that wafted a reiteration of the kind invitation extended to the friends and families of the Fraternity to partake of their hospitality. We thus found ourselves among the invited guests treading our way up the long flight of stairs that led to the hall. A couple of scores of ladies about equally divided between the native beauties of the country with their raven tresses and flashing eyes, and the imported beauties of other climes whom the fortunes of life had brought to this distant frontier, were already in attendance and surrounded by the members of the Lodge and other friends. The music drew to a close with a sweet and solemn strain as the Worshipful Master with a signal called the members to their feet while he read with a finely modulated voice and distinct intonation the appropriate Masonic prayer. He then introduced to the audience a brother from El Paso, who had accepted an invitation from the Lodge to deliver the address which had been announced. While we listened to a chaste and eloquent discourse, replete with sentiments of love and good will to mankind, veneration for the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and explanatory of the objects and purposes of Masonry, we had still an opportunity of glancing about the hall to discover something of the make-up of the assembly who thus, many of them for the first time, gathered in a room where were performed the mystic ceremonies, of which the outside world knew nothing.

In front of us upon the dais stood the speaker, a native of the old Knickerbocker State. By his side sat the Worshipful Master, whose childhood had been spent by the side of the turbid Missouri. To the right sat a member of the fraternity who wore the ensigna of the scribe, whose ancestors struggled with their fellow Poles against the cruel fate of slavery and degradation. To the left sat a young member of the Order, born under the shadow of the ruins of Palestine, whence draw the brotherhood so many of their mystic rites and symbols.

Ranged round the hall sat the different Masons, whose features betrayed a

nativity varied as the lands upon which the sunshines, while the symbols upon their rich regalia indicated no doubt the different degrees of the Order. The center of the hall was mostly occupied by the lady guests, the brightness of whose eyes were only equaled by the brilliant gems that adorned their persons. A row of seats in front of the audience was occupied by the band of native New Mexicans with their various musical instruments.

As our eyes glanced around the hall to take in this hasty sketch of the living panorama before us, and were returning to the speaker, a profile of a person sitting at a little distance from us arrested our attention. Its possessor was a man seemingly above the common height, of a complexion dark and swarthy, but with features finely cut and prominent. The regalia which he wore indicated his connection with the Order, but as we were aware that but very few of the native population had ever become members of the mystic brotherhood, the unmistakable evidence of his nativity attracted our curiosity. There appeared also upon his part to be an attempted effort at studied ease, by giving his whole and exclusive attention to the speaker's words. A furtive and hasty glance was occasionally thrown to one side but as quickly withdrawn, while his head retained its fixed position. There was something about the man that told him to be a stranger, and as we gazed intently upon his profile there seemed a consciousness to steal over us that somewhere and at some time we had seen that face before, and as this feeling grew upon us, our curiosity became aroused to catch a better glimpse of his face, but his profile seemed as immovable as if of bronze. Our eyes slowly fell from his face to his right hand that lay upon the arm of his chair, quiet, dark and motionless, and as we leisurely examined its symmetry of proportion, the speaker descanted upon the peaceable objects of Masonry, and the fact that it had never waged an aggressive warfare upon mankind. As the sentence was pronounced we noticed a quick and almost spasmodic trembling

of the fingers, which clasped the arm of the chair, and fancied that we could detect the faintest sympathetic twinge of the muscles of the face.

But the address closed without our being able to secure a single glance of his eye, or a front view of the features, in the study of which we had become so deeply interested. The rising and intermingling of the assembly for the purpose of clearing the hall for the dance gave us the opportunity for which we had been waiting, and we determined if possible to gratify our curiosity and ascertain who was this stranger, who seemed to carry about him a look of mystery if not disguise. As he rose and passed up the hall toward the Worshipful Master, his tall, lithe form straitened up like an arrow, but we noticed a singular softness to his step.

As the dancers took their places for a quadrille we passed up to a seat beside the dais, on which the two were standing, and where among a half-dozen lookers on we could continue our observation without exciting remark. The voice of the stranger reached our ear indistinctly, but sufficiently clear to know that its tone was low and guttural, and seemed to come from the depths of his chest. His eye, as black as his raven hair, gave flashes of light as he occasionally turned to glance at the gay dancers before him. He was dressed in black and a fine red sash looped in Mexican style girded his loins. Casting our eye to his feet we were surprised to see that he wore a finely embroidered pair of moccasins. As the dancers swept by with their graceful evolutions, his gaze became fixed and intent upon a young girl of near fifteen summers, and for several minutes he steadily watched her through the mazes of the dance. With a slight gesture of the hand he inquired of the Worshipful Master who was the girl that seemed to interest him. As the reply was given the Worshipful Master caught our eye fixed upon himself and companion, and advancing a step desired to introduce us to his friend, Senor Morgando.

As we took the hand of the stranger,

whose fingers felt like steel, and cast a steady look into his face, a sense of astonishment, of wonder and recognition, seized upon us, and our features no doubt gave indication of our emotion. His piercing black eyes seemed to search us through as he answered our look of recognition.

"I see you do not dance," said he after a moment. "Will you walk?"

Without a word, so great was our astonishment, we rose and followed the questioner out from the hall into the street, where taking us by the arm he spoke in a low tone. "To your office." "Very well, sir," and we turned the corner and in a few moments were seated in our sanctum and awaiting with intense curiosity the developments of this most singular meeting. Looking us quietly in the face with a half-smile, he said: "I see you know me, and no doubt wonder at the mysterious workings of Masonry."

"I do know you," we said in reply, "and have reason to wonder at the mysteries of the Order, since it embraces so mysterious a member as yourself?"

"Had I not known that you were not watching me, and as I believed with a recognition of my identity, I should not have requested this interview, but I do not wish the Order to suffer by what you have witnessed, or be unjustly judged by my connection with it, without an explanation, and as you have once ridden many a weary mile to meet me in my mountain fastness, I now return the compliment by accepting the invitation you then extended to me. My presence and my connection with the Masonic Order demands an explanation, and I shall violate no obligations by relieving your curiosity. You may have heard or read, or perhaps not that for a violation of Masonic laws a Mason must suffer a penalty, and in case of a betrayal of the hidden secrets of the Order, that penalty reaches to death."

The speaker looked at us with a pause of inquiry, as we replied that many years since we lived in a neighborhood whence it was said a Mason was ab-

ducted by his fellow members for a flagrant violation of his obligations and had suffered such an extreme penalty by being drowned in Niagara river near Fort Erie. A smile played upon his bronzed visage as we gave the principal points of an old story often related in the neighborhood where our boyhood was spent, and as we closed the short recital he grasped our hand and exclaimed with animation: "Partly true and partly false; he forfeited his life and the penalty was demanded but the brothers to whom was entrusted the execution remembered the many years of happy fellowship and spared the life that Masonic law declared forfeited. He departed from his home and kindred and sought the then unknown wilds of Texas. Years after, the revolution succeeded, and with the influx of the restless spirits of the States, among whom were many of the mystic brotherhood, he again retreated and took up his abode in the interior of Sonora where he married the daughter of the Governor, and where he supposed his life might pass without a recognition of his identity. Years passed in quiet enjoyment, only troubled by remorse at his terrible error in violating his oath, his honor, and his self-imposed obligation to his Order. A love for its mystic teachings still burned warmly in his heart and as a son grew up by his side, he took delight in imparting a knowledge to his child of the principles and ceremonies of Masonry. A little Lodge composed of the father and son thus grew up in the wild heart of the continent, and the son became familiar with all its secret workings. Years happily sped, unmarked by sorrow, when unfortunately a party of strangers passing through the country waited upon and were entertained by the Governor. Among the strangers was one who recognized the father. A long and secret interview was held between the two and in the morning the father had forever disappeared. The broken-hearted wife and mother bent under the load of anguish, drooped and died. The son became a rover among the wild and daring tribes of the mountains. His prowess made him chief, the

most dreaded upon the continent. Yet his hand was seldom stained with the blood of the whites, until a cowardly Lieutenant killed a portion of his family and followers and by treachery endeavored to make a prisoner of himself. From that time his war cry has been heard in every mountain, valley, and plain for hundreds of miles. When circumstances required, he has traversed the country from the Sierras to the Gulf. Two years are past since he watched a train crossing the Rio del Diablo. It camped upon the banks of the stream, and while himself and a chosen band of followers crawled upon their prey, they were greeted by the soft notes of a harp in the hand of the child I saw dancing a few moments since in yonder hall, and whom I recognized. Its tender strains brought back the remembrance of a loving mother, and the ready and disciplined warriors drew back after their leader. The next day while the father and child were exploring the pictured caves which the Apaches hold sacred, and which contain many of their painted records, the panting braves were held quiet within its dark recesses by their chief who had so lately listened to the sweet music of his childhood from the child so near him. Last year you rode almost alone into the mountain camp of the famed Cachise. He knew you, and would have liked to inquire for your child, but in the presence of his warriors he knew no word of his father's tongue. To-night you recognize in the mysterious Mason, Cachise, the son of Morgan. Sometimes the remembrance of his parentage cools the feverish tide of hate, and he seeks for an hour the companionship of the mystic brotherhood. Anon the wrong of his adopted race, the wanton death of his family, come stealing up with the shadows of night, and the insatiate spirit of vengeance calls for blood. He wars against fate, and though the blow is slow in falling, he knows that like the blasted pine, the winter storms must soon howl among the lifeless branches of his tribe. When the Supreme Architect of the Universe issues his mandate, Cachise, the mysterious Mason, will have

disappeared, and his spirit will keep guard over the rocky fastnesses whose echoes his war-cry has so often wakened."

An Interesting Narrative.

Next year I shall have been a Master Mason for fifteen years, and during that time I have travelled every continent on the globe, and I have visited Masonic Lodges in nearly every civilized country. As to whether Freemasonry may or may not be a benefit to a member I will not express an opinion. I will leave that matter to each of my readers to decide for himself. My province is simply to record facts, and those facts relate solely to Masonry in foreign lands as I have seen it, and to certain incidents connected with this topic that may throw some light upon the workings of this great brotherhood on the other side of the world.

I was made a Mason, 1875, in Pelotas, Brazil. I took my first three degrees in a Lodge room that had frequently been honored by the presence of the deposed Emperor, Dom Pedro, who was at one time an active member of the Scottish Rite Body. The Masonic Temple was a plain, substantial building, erected solely for the purpose that it was used for, and stood in the very centre of the town. It was plainly arranged and economically furnished. It not only served as the meeting place of the Blue Lodge, but it likewise sheltered the Scottish Rite Bodies, which are much stronger in Brazil than any other of the higher Masonic Bodies. Although for many years the Catholic church in Brazil has been bitterly opposed to Masonry, I think that, in proportion to the number of her inhabitants, Brazil has more Masons than any other country in the world.

After leaving Brazil and South America I turned my face toward the East, and for several years after that time I lived in the Orient studying Masonry and practicing conjuring, both to my entire personal and financial satisfaction. While I was in Port Louis, on the island of Mauritius, off the South African

coast, I felt the need of more light, and accordingly I received the degrees of Mark and Most Excellent Master, and the Royal Arch in Friendship Lodge. I completed my Chapter degrees by taking the Past Master's in Keystone Lodge, Shanghai, China. This Lodge is under obedience to the Grand Orient of the United States, and it is composed of some of the brightest men in China. While I was in Shanghai I frequently attended a native Lodge with an unpronounceable name, the translation of which was, "The Rising Sun." This was presided over by a mandarin of one of the highest ranks. The Senior Deacon was a prince, and the way the work was done would be a revelation to a western Mason. Of course the Chinese language was spoken, but the work is almost identical the world over, and I had no difficulty in following it. I have seldom seen work that was any smoother or more impressive. It was in this Lodge that I met Kwong Li Mei, the spendthrift son of a rich banker, of whom I shall have more to say before I have finished this article.

In 1880 I took my Scottish Rite degrees in the Triple Esperance Lodge, in Port Louis, Mauritius. This is one of the largest and oldest Lodges in the world. It celebrated its centennial while I was there. Its building is one of the finest temples in the Fraternity. It is constructed of white marble, only one story high, and stands in the centre of a block. Its roof covers four acres of land and it contains rooms enough to allow every degree in Masonry to be conferred the same night and in a different room. The banqueting hall is as large as the dining room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The grounds surrounding the temple are beautifully laid out and are shut in from the public gaze by a stone wall ten feet high. The Lodge contains 800 active members and quite as many *en conge*.

In China the Masonic temples are particularly imposing structures. The one at Tientsin was erected solely for Masonic uses. The temples in Hong Kong and Shanghai will compare favor-

ably with the Tremont street Masonic Hall in Boston.

Masonry is prohibited in the Phillipine Islands, and therefore all Lodge meetings are held in secret. I once attended a meeting of the Blue Lodge in the dining room of Mr. Barnard, a wealthy carriage manufacturer, whose house is directly opposite the Hotel Bala. In Manilla, as well as in China, there are many native Lodges, but the ones I have especially alluded to are English, although many natives are enrolled as members.

On one of my visits to South Africa a party of English officers intended starting back toward the mountains from Grahamstown, Cape Colony, on a hunting expedition and I was asked to join. Capt. Thompson was in command, and it was he who collected the natives and saw that our horses and wagons were ready for use. We started out early in the morning before the sun had risen and by noon we were miles away from the beaten road and civilization had been left leagues behind us. Recollect this was nearly ten years ago, and in those days the means of reaching the interior were not as perfect as they are now. The Kimberly diamond mining industry was in its infancy then.

We were on the plains at the base of the hills and were having great sport. We had about a dozen white men in the party and not less than 30 natives to drive the wagons, take care of the horses and beat up the game. We had passed a number of springboks and antelopes, and Lieut. Miles, who was my hunting mate, and I had bagged our share.

Among the natives I noticed one man whom I thought I recognized. He had charge of the teamsters, and appeared to be a fellow of more than ordinary intelligence. When we broke camp the next morning I had a little difficulty with one of the men whose duty it was to look after my horse. But when we had mounted and started out for the day's sport I forgot all about the occurrence. It appears, however, that the native had a better memory. I think it was the third or fourth night after this

that I started out on a little tour of exploration. It was a glorious night, and the moon made the landscape almost as bright as day. I had hardly gone a quarter of a mile when I felt a sharp blow on the head. The next moment I was unconscious. When I recovered my senses I found the foreman kneeling over me rubbing my hands.

"What is the matter?" I gasped. "What has happened?"

"It is lucky for you I was near you," mysteriously replied the negro in excellent English.

A few minutes later he explained to me that he had heard the hostler I had quarrelled with make threats against my life, and he had consequently kept a close watch upon him. He saw him follow me this night, and therefore joined in the chase. Before he could reach me, though, he saw the fellow hit me on the back of the head with a club. He fired a shot from his revolver and hurried to my side, but the would-be assassin had escaped.

On our way back to camp, I asked him why he had taken such an interest in me. In reply he held out his hand, and, to my amazement, gave me the grip of a Master Mason. He was a member of the native Lodge in Grahamstown, and knew me to be a member of the Craft by the gold watch charm I always wear.

The Lodges in Singapore and Rangoon are regular English organizations, as are most of those in the Indian empire. The temple in Calcutta, where True Friendship Lodge 218, of which I am a member at the present time, meets, is one of the handsomest Masonic buildings I know of. This Lodge was organized by the members of the old East India Company, and is one of the best conducted, working under the English constitution in the world.

I have visited Parsee Lodges in Bombay, Persian Lodges in Medina and Bagdad, English Lodges in Great Britain, French Lodges in France, native Lodges in Mexico, Dutch Lodges in Java, Spanish Lodges in Cuba and South America. I have seen the work in

Arabia, Egypt, Australia and South Africa, and it is needless to say that I am acquainted with the Lodge rooms of the United States. I mention the range of my experience to show you that I am prepared to speak authoritatively upon the subject, and when I say that the three finest Masonic temples in the world, according to my judgment, are in Philadelphia, Pa., Port Louis, Mauritius and Cape Town, South Africa, I expect this statement to have some weight.

I have already described to you the Port Louis temple. The one in Cape Town rivals it in beauty, and in certain particulars it excels. It is the property of Kap Lodge. It is situated in the centre of a large grove of oak trees, and its various chambers are fitted out for their work in the most elaborate manner imaginable. For instance, the Blue Lodge rooms have subterranean apartments, with vaults, passages and tunnels, and the work is given more impressively than I have ever seen elsewhere in the world. The initiations are conducted very much as I imagine the ancient rites of the Egyptian priests to have been.

Masonry is essentially the same the world over, but its ceremonies are as varied in form as the flowers of the field. The work in American and English Lodges is simple, and depends more upon that fact for its impressiveness, while the work in Latin Lodges, in the tropics, in South America and in the Orient, is very dramatic, and the poor searcher after light may forget his own name, the name of his children, and even the face of his wife's mother, but his initiation never.

In 1885, when I was in China, I went from Hong Kong to Singapore, about 1,500 miles down the South China sea. My assistant and myself comprised the entire party. It was only a four days' trip, but to me it was one of the most eventful trips of my life, in certain respects. We had not been out of port 24 hours when I missed all of my money, which I kept in a wallet in my inside waistcoat pocket, chain and charm, but

I also lost several of my most valuable "properties." They had been stolen while I was asleep. I was billed to give a performance in Singapore the evening of my arrival, and it would be impossible for me to do so without the lost utensils of my craft. I was almost in despair. I did not know what to do. I laid my case before the captain, but he was as powerless as I. Our crew consisted of 30 Europeans and about 100 Chinamen, and it was highly probable that one of the latter was my evil genius. The third mate was a Chinaman, and the captain put the case into his hands. The ship was searched as well as could be done under the circumstances, and considering the fact that my promised reward for the recovery of my property was not backed up by any ready cash, the search was not characterized by anything remarkable in the line of zeal.

When we reached Singapore I was literally in despair. There were very few tricks that I could perform without my working tools, and those few tricks were by no means new to the Singapore public. You can therefore easily imagine that when I reached my hotel I was not in an enviable frame of mind. I dined that evening with my assistant in my room. We had just half finished our meal when the servant came into the room and said a man wanted to speak to me alone. I sent my assistant out and waited for my visitor to come. In a moment he was before me. He was a stout, well-dressed Chinaman. If I had ever seen him before I did not remember the fact.

"Your namee is Klellar?" he asked.

I said it was.

"You lost your money, bloxes, lings, watch, eh?"

I began to be interested.

"Can you tell me where they are?" I said.

"I can," answered the heathen.

"Where are they?"

"Here."

And from under his jacket he drew out the missing articles. Everything was there, and even the watch had been kept wound up. My new acquaintance

was the steward of the steamer, and he told me that he discovered the theft and recovered the plunder. I immediately offered him all the money in my wallet, but judge of my astonishment when he refused the reward.

"Do you remember Tising Sun Lodge, Shanghai?" he asked. "You remember Kwong Li Mei?" He held out his hand and gave me the Master Mason's grip. "Well, that's me."

—*H. Kellar, 32°, in Boston Herald.*

"My Brother."

Two well-dressed men were walking down Broadway, New York, at midnight. Directly in front of them was a man shabbily dressed, and with a look of hunger and desperation on his face.

As the three passed before a brilliantly lighted restaurant, one of the two gentlemen behind said to the other, "Did you catch a glimpse of that man's face?"

"No. What about it?"

"It was a terrible face. I believe that man will try to kill himself before morning.

"Well, I don't see how we can prevent it. But what makes you think so?"

"I don't know. He looks like it. And I think I can prevent it, too. Suppose we follow him."

"All right. But I think it is only a fancy of yours, and our following him will do little good."

"Nevertheless, I am so confident that he is going to try something desperate, that I am going to take the liberty of following him."

The two gentlemen accordingly followed the man for several blocks. Finally he turned and made his way rapidly toward the river. Down on one of the most obscure piers he paused, close by one of the piles which pierced the pier flooring, and, with a gesture of despair, stepped toward the edge of the pier and looked down into the water.

Then he straightened up, and in another moment would have flung himself over into the river; but one of the men who had been standing in the shadow of a warehouse, called out, in a

quiet, but firm voice, "My brother, if you are in trouble will you let me help you?"

At the words "My brother," the man trembled, stepped back, covered his face with his hands, and staggering against the pile burst into sobs so awful that the man who had taken it upon himself to rescue this soul from death could not say another word for several moments.

Finally he learned, in broken ejaculations, the man's story. It was not new. Only a wife and children in a wretched tenement, no work, rent due, children crying for food, wife sick, no friends. That was all. A very common story. Suicide seemed the only way out of it. "I was going to drown myself," he said.

"I don't know but that will be the best thing to do, after all."

But the one who had called him "brother" found work and a home for this despairing soul. And by the magic of that word, which levels all false distinction, he made this man live again.

—*C. M. Sheldon in Youth's Companion.*

A Registered Oath.

A thin-faced hungry-looking woman, whose tattered dress scarcely covered her nakedness, dragged herself wearily along St. Clair street the other night. It was in the gilded section of the street, and the dens of vice and infamy were in full blast. The fiddle made discordant shrieks, and the piano rattled as the woman peered into one and another of the vile places. By her side was a girl of twelve or thereabout, ragged like herself, but with a face that was beautiful, even though tear-stained and cloud-cast.

The two walked slowly and in silence. Both seemed to have but one object in view, and that was to find some one. They would steal carefully up to the door of a saloon, and peer cautiously through the cracks, as if eager not to disturb the revelry within.

At one of these doors, with diamond cut-glass in front, stood a rough-looking fellow, who was more than "half-seas over," though not too drunk to

notice the couple, as they glanced anxiously through the half-open doors.

"You won't find Jim there," he growled. "I saw him going up to the bridge half an hour ago, so get along. We don't want you around here," and with that he started toward the woman, as if to hurry her on her way.

Quick as a flash she drew a revolver from the ragged folds of her dress, and said, huskily:

"Don't yer lay yer hands on me, Mike, or I'll send you home sure."

With a threat Mike turned away, and the woman started again up the street.

They had nearly reached the bridge, when suddenly both stopped. Their eyes had caught sight of the one they sought. He stood in front of the bar in a dirty-looking place. He was leaning carelessly against the bar, his head resting upon his left hand.

In his right he held a glass of beer. He was without a coat, and the red sleeves of his shirt were scarcely of a ruddier hue than his face, which was swelled and bloated. He was a man of large, powerful frame, seemingly capable of doing a large amount of work with little exertion. There was that in his eyes and in his general appearance which impressed one that in spite of the surroundings and the bad indications, something good could come out of him.

The woman watched him full five minutes, and her eyes flashed as she saw him pay for the drinks, not for himself, but for half a dozen other men who were in all stages of drunkenness.

Finally she turned to the girl, who was nearly ready to cry, and whispering a few words to her, left her standing on the sidewalk, and, walking rapidly into the saloon, she made straight for the man in the red shirt.

"Jim, I want you to come home."

The person thus addressed turned around, and, looking at the woman contemptuously, said:

"What do you want of me? What are you doing here, anyhow?" and when he had framed the two questions he emphasized the displeasure evident from his look by seizing the woman by

the arm and pushing her toward the door. She turned ashy pale as the man laid his hands upon her, and then drew her revolver, which she almost thrust in his face. "Jim," she said, her voice choking with emotion, "you must come home with me, or I will shoot you. I have worked myself nearly to death for you, Jim Arnott, and instead of helping me, you steal my earnings and come here to drink it up. We have a babe at home, and God knows it suffers for want of enough to eat. Liz is outside, and, the poor girl is so faint and hungry that she can hardly walk. Look at me! The woman you promised to cherish and protect, Jim Arnott, in rags almost to nakedness, and without a mouthful to eat since morning. We might have been happy had you let drink alone. We might be respectable to-day but for your want of manhood. Come home, I say, or I will shoot you as true as there is a God in heaven." She almost shrieked the last words, and Jim Arnott was not so drunk that he could face the glittering barrel of the revolver. He muttered something as a sort of farewell to his boon companions, and then led the way out, followed by the woman.

A *Blade* reporter, who had witnessed the performance, followed the trio.

A long distance from the centre of the city, the drunkard's wife and daughter almost dragged the half-drunken man into a plain single-story cottage. In a moment a faint light gleamed through the windows, which were devoid of shutter or shade. The interior of the room was evidence enough of the pinched poverty which dwelt there. A deal table, two or three rough wooden chairs, an apology for a stove and a cot constituted the features of the outfit. The reporter only had time to take a cursory glance through the window, when his attention was directed to the cot. The mother had stepped up to it as soon as she had lighted the feeble lamp. Her back was towards the reporter as she stooped over the cot. But only for a moment. Suddenly she threw her hands wildly above her head, and, with an agonizing cry that would have pierced the stoniest heart

she fell across the cot. Arnott sprang towards his wife, and, rough though he was, lifted her tenderly up. Then, for the first time, the reporter caught a glimpse of the pale baby face that peeped out from the sheet. The next instant Arnott had left the cottage and was tearing down the street. A few minutes later and he returned, followed by a doctor. They entered the cottage, and the latter went straight to the cot, stooped over, placed his hand over the child's heart, withdrew it, then knelt down, and then placed his ear close to the infant's breast.

As he arose, he turned to the anxious parents, who were watching every movement closely, and shook his head. Another cry from the mother, who again threw herself on the couch, startled the reporter. The doctor left the house, and the living were alone with the dead.

It was impossible to hear what was said in that house, but the reporter was a witness to what happened. For a long time the mother lay motionless across the cot, clasping the dead body of her infant to her breast. Liz, on the other side was vainly endeavoring to get her mother up. Finally she arose and going straight to where her husband sat, touched him on the shoulder. Then, taking one of his hands in her own, her tear-stained face turned piteously towards him, she led him, almost by sheer strength, to the cot. Then she spoke to him, and he knelt, she by his side. He raised his right hand to heaven, and the reporter could only see the woman's lips as they moved, but the pantomime was too real to be misunderstood, and no man could take an holier oath than that taken by James Arnott in the presence of his dead child.

It was a pitiful effort, and one which the writer will never forget, and as he returned to the city he wondered if, in the sight of that experience, Arnott could ever go back to his old haunts.

— *Toronto Blade*.

The sweetest water is at the mouth of the fountain, so the germ of Masonry is found in the Blue Lodge.

The White Apron,

Or the Mason in the Ante-Room.

BY WILLIAM H. HENDERSON.

The register? You're right,
There is my name in letters large and bold.
Thanks; Brother Tyler, now will I unfold
My apron white.

I want no Fleece of Gold
The symbol of a fabled fruitless quest,
To wear such now were but an idle jest,
Worn out and old.

Give me no Eagle Roman,
Type of dominion, badge of servitude,
No emperor rules here; however good,
He is but human.

No Garter and no Star;
Of old world rank and wealth the symbols these
A pompous show the multitude to please,
Leave such afar.

No Prince or Potentate
Shall ever place his Order on my breast,
I would not choose to bend at his behest,
Or on him wait.

I serve no sceptered King,
I know not how to kneel at other's feet,
It is not thus I trow that Masons meet,
My apron bring.

This lambskin soft and white,
Means brotherhood with neither guile nor strife,
Means single-hearted purity of life,
Our actions right.

Step this way to the light,
That all may see how pure it is and fair.
So; that is well. Now tie it on the square,
My apron white.

So let me ever wear—
Finding my pleasure in a spotless name
The honor of the Craft's unsullied fame—
This apron fair.

And when my soul takes flight,
To the Celestial Lodge, and I have passed away,
Then on my coffin reverently lay
My apron white.

The Cryptic Rite.

A History of the Degrees of Royal, Select and Super-Excellent Master, by J. Ross Robertson, of Toronto, Canada, and J. H. Drummond, of Maine.

We copy the following criticism of this work as convenient for our purpose, and being particularly interested in the Cryptic Rite, we hope our Fraternity will investigate and yet give it the position due to it in the York Rite, *i. e.*, to be requisite to the Orders of Knighthood.

"This remarkable and curious work possesses no little amount of interest to the student of Masonic history, and for brethren who have taken the Degrees, is simply not only a reliable and trustworthy guide, but it is the only volume that treats fully and impartially of the

varied experiences of the Cryptic Rite from the earliest evidences of its existence, through numerous conflicting and opposing elements and details, down to the formation of the last Grand Council, and the General Grand Council of the United States. We have no hesitation in declaring that Bro J. Ross Robertson, of Toronto, has done, what no one else has even sought to do exhaustively, a most valuable service on behalf of the Rite, and has placed the members of that body under a lasting obligation, for now they have a record of the eventful past that will bear any amount of scrutiny and critical examination, and it is, withal, scrupulously fair throughout. Bro. Robertson has made a free use of Bro. Drummond's labors in the same direction, to whom he has handsomely acknowledged indebtedness by placing the name of the latter distinguished brother on the title-page, as being the principal authority on whom he has had to rely for accurate information. The volume contains an extraordinary amount of facts and theories, ably presented. Bro. Schultz's noble History of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, General Pike's able Report to the Grand Chapter of Arkansas, Dr. Mackey's authoritative articles, and other contributors have also been duly utilized, and as duly acknowledged. When Bro. Robertson speaks for himself he says so, and he is equally clear when using the labors of others, to *give credit where credit is due*. This is a feature of the work that commends itself to all authors, not a few of whom have reason to complain of a very different kind of treatment. Our lamented friend, dear old Rob. Morris, was the first to give the title, now so well known, to this, the "Cryptic Rite." After all the researches by so many gifted brethren, and Bro. Robertson himself winding up the number, by a careful and painstaking investigation, it does not appear, even now, that the origin of these Degrees (incorporated, so to speak, as the "Cryptic Rite") can be determined or settled in a satisfactory manner. We trace them back to the ninth decade of the last century and then they are lost sight of, or,

at all events, their existence beyond 1783 is not certain. They seem to have been originally given as "side Degrees," under the wing of the "Ineffable Degrees," etc., known later on as the "Ancient and Accepted Rite." Sometimes they were under the protecting wings of the Grand Royal Arch Chapters, and at other times virtually independent and "free lances" on their own account. At one time, and in one State, the "Select" was first in order, and, again, under other patronage, the "Royal" was first. Apparently—in fact, actually—they were worked as independent Degrees for some years, but eventually they were communicated in combination as now, the Order being "Royal and Select Masters," with occasionally the "Super-Excellent" to complete the trio, as in Canada now. In the latter also, that of the Red Cross ("Babylonish Pass") was for a short interval also added, but again wisely dropped, to be taken charge of by the Knights Templar. The general usage now is to confer the Degrees on Royal Arch Masons only, as adopted by the General Grand Council and most Grand Councils on the Continent of America. Some, however, have placed them under the control of Grand Chapters, as in Iowa, Mississippi, and Texas, although they no more belong to the Royal Arch as such than to the "Supreme Councils," nor, in fact, so much. Others have independent Grand Councils to confer and work the Degrees of Royal and Select Masters, as for Connecticut, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island; while, again, three—Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina—*differ from all others* by allowing these degrees to be communicated *before the Royal Arch*, instead of *afterwards*, as is usual elsewhere they have been patronized of late years. A brother is said to be "honored" on taking the "R. M.," and "chosen" as a "S. M." The aprons are of a triangular form, are black, lined and edged with red. The jewel of a Select Master is a silver trowel within a triangle of the same metal, suspended from a collar, worn by all officers and members. The "Super-

Excellent" Degree, or "Super-Excellent Royal Arch," is often to be met with in England from 1763, but we should not like to argue that a degree of a similar name was the same in reality as introduced at Charleston in 1783. We commend Bro. Robertson's work most heartily to members of the "Cryptic Rite" throughout the world.

—*London Freemason.*

Masonic Visiting.

One of the signal pleasures arising from Freemasonry is that which is incident to Masonic visiting. Of course we enjoy attending our own Lodge; it is our especial home; there we meet the members of our own immediate family; but Freemasonry is an endless chain of families extending around the globe. It is no euphemism to say, that in every land the Freemason may find a home, and in every clime a Brother. This is not figure of speech, but fact. But many who never become travelers desire to visit in their own country, and their own city. There is a charm in visiting another Masonic Lodge, meeting even in the same Masonic Temple as our own Lodge. It may be a next-door neighbor. Yet in it we are abroad. We there widen our circle of experience, our knowledge of the Masonic world. We there, amid old associations, meet new associates. It is the same old work, the same secret art and mystery, the same symbols and allegories, but all else is new, and new life is sometimes thus acquired by the brother, who has been previously following only a time-worn, monotonous path.

As all roads lead to Rome, so every road leads to a Masonic Lodge. You cannot go astray in seeking one. Wherever there are all the outward tokens of Freemasonry, a Masonic Hall, a Masonic Temple, or even an unpretentious Lodge Room, duly guarded by the Tyler, and thus protected from the approach of the profane, a Freemason may venture to present himself. But if the customary Craft indications are lacking—the doors kept wide open, or ajar,

where one may walk in unchallenged, or peep in—beware! That may be the resort of clandestines, or so-called latter-day saints, or the profanest of the profane. It requires some skill to visit wisely. The brother must have his Masonic wits about him. He must not be like the Acacia, ever green. He must be bright, a reading Mason, not merely on speaking terms with Freemasonry, but intimately familiar with its mysteries. Such a one cannot go astray.

We will suppose a discreet Brother to be on his travels in quest of "more Light." He presents himself to a Lodge where he is unknown, and requests admission as a visitor. What is the usual course which ensues? That depends on the Master of the Lodge. The Master is master. His will and pleasure rules the Craft. He may perform his duty, or neglect it. He may in due course hear the request for admission presented and for a good cause, or a poor cause, or no cause at all, pay no immediate attention to it, or temporarily overlook it or lose sight of it altogether. The constant recurrence of one or other of these lines of conduct is becoming a crying evil in the Craft. A visiting Brother who sends in his request to a Lodge has the right to have it treated with Masonic courtesy, and with all possible promptness acted upon. He is a Brother of the Craft. Every Lodge should be made a home to him. We, of course, recognize the right of a Master to refuse admittance to any visiting Brother whom he thinks would mar the harmony of that particular Lodge, and also the personal right of any member, for the same season, to object to a visitor; but we are not now treating of that aspect of the subject? We are assuming that there is no formal objection to his admission, and that his request is simply neglected or ignored. This is a wrong, not only to the Brother who patiently and longingly sits outside the door, but to the genius of Freemasonry itself. He is our Brother, our other self, who is without in waiting. There is no good reason why his request should be treated with neglect, and every reason why it should be treated

with the civility due a gentleman and a Freemason. Put yourself in his place! How would you like to be kept loitering in the outer courts of the Temple, while within those mystic rites which have so great a fascination to the average initiate are being enacted by your Brethren? How would you fancy being kept nibbling your impatient thoughts, while hungering and thirsting for the abundance of Masonic food dispensed within the tyled Lodge? We trust the day, or the night, is at hand when all Masters of Lodges will be thoughtful of the visiting Brother, give him instant attention if practicable, and treat him with that fraternal spirit which he would invoke for himself were he knocking at the portals of another Lodge. The Tyler's room, or closet, or entry, is not always the most agreeable place in the Masonic world. Sometimes the stove is uncomfortably near, or the smoke unpleasantly thick, or the seats disagreeably hard, or the monotony decidedly marked. Then the proposing visitor has a dull time of it. But even when the surroundings are the best imaginable, they are not what he is in quest of. He desires to enter the portals of Freemasonry, to visit his Brethren, to sit in the Lodge. He ought not to be unreasonably kept out. He should have the right hand of friendship and brotherly love extended to him. He is one of us, probably, and he should be duly noticed, *promptly examined*, and if found to be a Freemason, warmly welcomed as a visiting Brother. Brethren, think of these things, and perform your duty in the light of the sunshine of brotherly love.—*The Keystone*.

Saloon Signs.

There is another application, pertinent to the times, of the truth presented last week in the editorial on "Calling Things by their Right Names." Why, but from an evil conscience, does the liquor business hide under euphemisms and pseudonyms? Take the lowest resorts of drunkards in our cities, and who ever saw over the door any such truth-telling signs as "Groggery"

or "Rumhole?" In every town, larger or smaller, one sees in flaunting letters over every tenth or twentieth door on the business streets, the word "Saloon." If the stranger from Europe, not familiar with our language, should turn to "Webster's Unabridged" for the meaning, the only definition he would find would be: "A spacious and elegant apartment for the reception of company, or for works of art." He would imagine us, perhaps, to be a right royalistic set of people, until unfortunately, he should open the door of one of these "saloons," and through the tobacco smoke should catch a glimpse of the bar and its customers. The fact is, that the progress of temperance has made the liquor venders and the liquor drinkers ashamed of the appropriate names of their resorts. No one hears in this country of an ale-house, a porter-house, a gin shop, a dram shop, but only of restaurants, offices, saloons, sample rooms, etc. It would be half the battle if we could compel the liquor sellers to put up truthful signs; if, where there are license laws, a man was required by law to have in large letters on the front of the house "Licensed Liquor Store;" or the words "Licensed to sell Intoxicating Liquors!" Why not? It would be simply the statement of the truth; as when in some States, we see signs, "Licensed to Sell Gunpowder." And it were no more than the truth; could the liquor dealer be made to see, whenever he looked up to his sign, some such announcement as "Tippling Hall," "Drunkard's Resort," or "Gateway of Hell." But men hate to look truth in the face about their evil practices. In the old times, before the war, a Southern planter never used the word "slave," if he could avoid it. He spoke of his "boys" or his "hands," or his "negroes," or "niggers," or "servants." The word "slave" made his conscience uneasy and grated upon everybody's ears. And so it is with the liquor-dealers. Nobody likes to be a "rum-seller;" he prefers to be a "saloon-keeper" and so we almost lose out of decent language and respectable associ-

ations, the word which long was confined to palaces.—*Advance.*

Colored Masonry.

We have received a printed copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas (colored body) held last July at Little Rock. From it we learn that there are 94 Lodges with 1,489 members. The benefits paid during the year amounted to \$2,951.62. An annual assessment of \$1.00 was ordered on each member to erect a temple at Little Rock. The minimum fee for degrees is \$25. The action of one Lodge expelling a member for *ninety-nine years* was approved. A public welcome was given the Grand Lodge by the people of Little Rock, to which Moses A. Clark, the Grand Master, responded in the following eloquent manner:

Brethren—A welcome so elegant in diction, so beautiful in sentiment, so royal in manner, can but awaken in the mind of every representative present emotions of warmest brotherly love, the most ardent devotion to the cause they are here to build up, as well as the fondest realization that Masonry is being elevated to that higher plane of pure thought which, since the foundations of the noble Order, has been the holiest aspiration of every devoted brother. That has been my aim; and when I see brought and laid upon our shrine the offerings of ninety-five Lodges instead of the thirteen that marked the beginning of my career as Grand Master, I can but feel that my aims and my efforts have met with full fruition. And, while to the efforts of the living we must ever look for that energy of purpose and devotion to duty that alone can sustain, enrich and hold up our Order, yet in my darkest hours I have loved to turn for inspiration and wisdom to the examples of fortitude, self-denial and even life-sacrifice made by our ancient brethren for the cause. The lives of the dead afford splendid material out of which to build magnificent futures for the living. Out of mausoleums, cenotaphs and sarcophagi erected to the memory of the

dead come no unmeaning, though silent voices, warning us to shun all evil and encouraging us to cleave to that which is good. They further command us, as good workmen, to gather from Life's quarries no slate rock, but only the purest granite, with which to build our temples. Carefully select the rough ashlar, for the good ones only can be squared and polished for the builder's use.

And in convening in your beautiful city, rightly named the "City of Roses," we are reminded of some of the best lessons that Masonry teaches. Your massive buildings, rearing high their stately domes and slender spires, pointing heavenward, silently invite us to the Elysian fields that await the finally faithful. We are reminded as we look upon the dew globes glistening on the lofty pinnacles ere they are kissed away by Aurora's beams, that just such drops won for the disconsolate Peri her entrance to the land of the blessed; and that such drops, purified by penitence, may win for us the opening of the pearly gates of Paradise. We are reminded by these massive walls of that strength and endurance which should eliminate all weakness from us and that should mark the fortitude of every Master Mason. Your beautiful flowers, blushing beneath the fresh kisses of gentle zephyrs as they sport in happy dalliance among them, tell us that our lives, too, should shed sweet fragrance along life's pathway, that the sorrowing might be made glad, the weak made strong, and the evil turned from their sinful ways.

And since operative Masonry has given place to speculative Masonry, I sometimes almost wish that our mothers and wives and sisters and daughters could know more of its beautiful teachings. For in all times has woman proven faithful and true, in all times has she proven excellent above all things, in all times has she proven the wisdom of her creation. And just here am I reminded of two scenes upon American ships lost at sea. When that grand old ship, the "Pacific," long guided by the master mind of Lieutenant Herndon, the father-

in-law of our late chief executive, President Arthur, was settling, bow foremost, to her grave forever in the rough Atlantic, its young commander, clothing himself in his bright uniform, buckled on his sword and with his plume waving above him, took his position in the stern, determined to die at his post of duty, saw his gallant ship go down before him. The world applauded his action, and rightly, too, for he showed how a brave man may die. When the "Columbus," a passenger steamer, a few years ago ground herself in pieces upon Massachusetts' rocky coast, there was on board a husband and wife. The last life boat was shoving off with room for but one. For a moment they stood clasped in each other's arms. Husband said: "Wife, go and be saved." "No, husband, you go. We have four little children at home and you can best provide for them—best protect them." Aye, what moral courage is here! A chance for life but not taken! What a spirit from Calvary pervaded the mother's soul! Lieutenant Herndon, strong in his manhood, weakly hoped for accidental fame. She, weak in her womanhood, yet strong—oh, so strong, in offering up her life for others! Woman, compared with man, is a bright, beautiful garden whose aroma rises to the skies, over which heaven's messengers, in their mission from world to world, love to linger, poised on equal wing, that they may gather its fragrance and transplant it to their angelic bowers; man is a huge giant-forest terrible, in its solitude. Man grasps his mallet and chisel and with magic speed moulds the stone into a form like man—a vain endeavor to rear a monument to himself! There it stands; 'tis but a cold, lifeless marble bust! Woman, clasping the tender infant in her arms, protects it from harm while she trains a living, breathing, immortal spirit for the association of angels. Man is only an egotistical framer of caricatures of nature; woman, the architect that creates, beautifies and adorns nature. And, although forbidden to wield the battle axe or press the bayonet, you may enjoy no martial triumphs, yet there is more real chivalry

in the earnest, heaving sigh of a true woman for the good of her country than ever added beauty or grace or terror to the proudly floating pennon of any Cœur de Lion. With such exalted and exalting allies, what grand possibilities might the future have in store for us. And surrounded as we are by such benign influences, by so many scenes that suggest and call us to our duty, it cannot be too much to hope that, invoking the guidance of the Great Architect of the Universe, He may grant to us, as He did to our first great master such wisdom as will so guide us in the proceedings of our Grand Lodge that that love which made a trinity of the three first masters may so drive out all bickerings and jealousies and heart-burnings that this session may be remembered as the one in which the star of hope rose brightest in the firmament of Masonry—the harbinger of peace and good will among all its members.

In the Grand Master's address before the Grand Lodge, he closes as follows:

And now a few words of admonition and encouragement, and my task is done. Our surroundings tell us that to realize the magnificence of millenium, a great work must be done. Sectarian bigotry suggests the probable failure of the churches to enlighten and christianize the world. That old savage chief showed wonderful sagacity and most forcibly enunciated that surest of all dogmas, that a unity of purpose and action is essential to permanent success, when he commanded the missionaries to go home and agree among themselves and then come and preach "and I and my people will hear."

We to-day are surrounded by eight millions of our race just emerged from manual slavery, but above many of them hangs a dark cloud of ignorance, benumbing their energies, dwarfing their efforts, neutralizing their results.

Beyond the ocean, where Afric's sun glares like a fire ball in the sky, are a hundred millions roaming over vast areas, many hunting unfortunates to sacrifice to their fetish Gods or to sell into slavery, whilst many slink away in caves

and jungles from the man-hunter, more terrible to them than the tawny lion or striped tiger; with a climate upon the plateaus equal if not superior to any in the world, and with a fertility of soil surpassing that of your own bottom lands.

Africa to-day is rightly named "the Dark Continent." For the second coming of Christ this must all be changed. Who will do it? What if this great work should depend upon an institution working in harmony and brotherly love? Who so fit to humanize the savage as he whose soul is strong with sweet accord—who loves most his fellow man? Why shall not every Lodge become a nucleus around which the true and the good may unite, making them so many generators of light and love to civilize and fraternize the whole colored race? Are you startled at the thought of such a task? And do you ask why we should take such a burden upon our shoulders?

Because God made us brothers and guardians of each other. No argument ever half so forcibly declared our relations as guardians of each other as did its affirmation by Cain, although hoping for a negative answer when he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And what is thy brother? Is he a mere animal that lives and dies like a brute? If so, whence this yearning for a higher, better life—this longing after immortality? No, thy brother holds within an earthly casket an interest in eternity, and co-existent with it. Go out some clear night and looking northward you will find a huge dipper swinging around the pole star, with Budhe and Merak ever pointing to that star, and ever have done since the beginning was. But Budhe and Merak shall cease to be part of a grand constellation. See Orion, the mighty hunter, as he flings himself from his ocean-rocked couch and hurries, scudding in the chase across our firmament. But Orion's chase shall end! Yon Milky-way, beautiful belt of worlds, shall cease to swing in space! Aye, when old Father Time, bent and broken, shall have tottered to his end, and has been sleeping for eons upon

eons undisturbed and unnoticed, in some little niche of eternity, man's soul, as fresh as when the stars first sang together in the morning of creation, shall have just begun its existence! Can it be that we, careless mortals, are training or neglecting to train for such an immortality? Can it be that our correalities, vampire-like, are sucking up the higher man, leaving only worldly aspirations to stir within us?

Let us to-day pause, and if possible, fully appreciate the great and awful responsibilities that rest upon us, demanding earnest and instant action; and may we coming about our altars renew our pledges, and go forth from this meeting determined that by our examples others may behold the beauties and glories of a higher, holier and better life.

Practical Masonry.

We would recommend to the brethren a careful perusal of the following extract, from the annual address of Leonidas E. Pratt, P. G. M. of California, delivered in October, 1873:

"I would make Masonry as practical as is the age in which we live. I would have you put in practice, day by day, in all the walks of life, the beautiful lessons and sublime theories to which you listen with such rapture in the Lodge room, and poverty and dependence are not the agencies through which such ends can be accomplished.

"I would have you *do* something for the unfortunate as well as give him magnificent apporisms and words of comfort and encouragement. I would not have you bid the hungry to be fed and leave him without food. I would not have you tell the naked to be clothed and leave him without raiment. But I would have you stretch forth your mighty arm and lift, and feed, and heal, and save. Give us some Godly practice with your noble theories—a little homely *relief* to season your saintly exhortations to faith and goodness. Remember that man is so constituted that whatever promotes his enjoyment makes him a truer and a better man. Would you make your

fellow more virtuous? Begin the task, then, by making him more happy. He who is wretched cannot be greatly good—but the warm glow of enjoyment fills the heart with all tenderness, and sends us out into the dark spots of the world on the divine mission of charity and love. It is *want* and *poverty* which fills the brothel and the prison-house. It is the pang of famine and the touch of cold which make humanity so reckless, and unmake the image of God in the persons of his children. How long! oh! how long will it require to teach the canting reformers of the age that man cannot live on morals alone; and that the visions of the spirit land, however gorgeous and enchanting they may be, will not keep off the piercing blasts from homeless infancy, nor heal the sick, nor feed the famished.

"It is idle to talk of virtue to the fallen unless you aid them in the way of redemption. It is a mockery and an insult to stand carping to them about the beauties of holiness, when bread is what they are dying for. The pangs of famine cannot be appeased by the miserable cant of schools, and it is the crowning glory of Freemasonry that it compels you to go forward and do these things which its legends teach you that you ought to do. I have seen its excellencies. I have stood by the sick bed and at the graves, in the homes of the desolate and distressed, and witnessed its tender ministries. I have seen the grateful tear and heard the tender benediction of the weary sufferers, and I have turned away and thanked Almighty God that there is one humane association where such lessons are at once taught and enforced. And when the fateful morning comes, on which I, too, must descend into the narrow house and pass the shaded portals which open on the better land, if some few may stand by my last resting place—be they of my own kindred or another's blood—some widowed mother whose care I have lightened—some aged man whose feeble hands I have upheld—some orphan child that has fed at my board and drunk of my cup—and say in all sincerity of utterance, here lies one whose heart beat quick for others' woes, a good true man

and faithful friend, then indeed I shall not have lived in vain, I ask no other eulogy—no bronze or marble to tell posterity who sleeps beneath.

“It is to such views of life and its duties and relations, that Masonry leads us ever forward with resistless power. Much, indeed, has been accomplished—when we have become thoroughly imbued with a love of its sublime theories and a disposition to perform the duties it enjoins. But there must be *practice* with *theory*; there must be the ability as well as the disposition to do; or teaching has been vain, and profession idle and hollow.”

Masonry and the Eastern Star.

Cato was right when he said that “Wise men learn more from fools than fools from the wise; for the wise avoid the errors of the fools, while fools do not profit by the example of the wise.” But this great man showed bad taste in the remark that the regret of his life was that he had trusted a woman with a secret. As a political economist we set up Cato against the world, and were his examples to be adopted by our rulers in Authority, taxes would be so low that it would hardly be worth while to pay them. Cato must have had a bitter experience.

If we read the history of Cladius, a century and a half later, we will learn that he endeavored very strongly, though unsuccessfully, to obtain the secrets from a Roman institution that resembled closely one of our modern chapters.

We mention these two instances of history to show the inconsistencies of the two personages.

We doubt if there is an institution in this country that is better conducted or assuming better proportions than this Order. And, too, it is gaining way all over this land. Time is aiding to demonstrate the fact that it is a superior organization, and the recognition that is offering shows that what I have just remarked is appreciated. Women seem to be constituted just the opposite of Cato's accusation, for they can keep a secret and faithfully too; and we have

yet to learn of a single instance where the vows have been broken. We consider that women are especially adapted to the work of the Order. We hope that the Craft will aid them to make the society just what it is designed. Certainly there should be some mode of recognition between the two associations, to carry out the very promises that the Craft made towards the female relatives, and this Order seems to be just what is needed. We are quite certain that none of our brethren will have reason to copy after the example of Cato.

—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

The Way to Do It.

When a strange brother appears in the ante-room the Tyler should greet him in a quiet manly (friendly) way, ascertain his wishes, and offer him accommodation. Every brother who enters should speak to the stranger and show him little attentions, and in demeanor more than words, make him feel that he is welcome. The Tyler should send the stranger's card by the Junior Deacon to the Master and if there is any delay in sending a committee to examine the brother an apology should be sent him with assurances that he would soon be attended to. As soon as he is introduced and recognized the Senior Deacon should take him by the hand in a cordial manner and conduct him to a seat, quietly introducing him to the brother on his right and left. If a Past Master, he is conducted by the Senior Deacon to the East, where the Master takes his hand and seats him on his left.

During the evening, as opportunity offers, every member of the Lodge should speak to the stranger, and converse with him, and at the close of the Lodge the stranger should be escorted part of the way, at least to the first corner, to his hotel, with manner and words showing that all were “happy to meet, sorry to part, and hope to meet again.”

Such conduct will give an enviable reputation to the Lodge, and better still, will give it real merit, cementing the brotherhood.—*Masonic Home Journal.*

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28, 1890.

Encourage Our Own.

The frequent calls for relief and employment of late suggests to us a few thoughts upon the causes of so much demand upon the charities and kindly interest of the Fraternity in each other, especially upon this Coast. The Board of Relief in this city is daily besieged with numbers, even sometimes with scores, in pursuit of relief or employment. Our office is not exempt from applications of this nature, almost every day, and while to some of them we can afford temporary relief, many go away as they came, and are heard from no more, presumably because they think it no use to come again, or occasionally find something better.

It occurs to us that while we feel that we have done and are doing all we can consistent with our duty to ourself and friends in pecuniary aid and friendly acts, do others do all that can be done to relieve the wants and needs of members of our Fraternity. We remember well the injunction to pick the beam out of our own eye before we attempt to pick the mote out of our brother's. We may be in the wrong in something ourselves yet be able to see wrong in our brother. We have in our mind instances of individual direliction of duty to brethren by brethren, but we would be invidious to be personal in any particular mention. We however know some individuals who do not remember their obligations in matters of employment and trade. Such ones who read this will make due inquiry and application to themselves if they have fully performed their duty to their brethren, and make amends, if they have been negligent.

It is to the general body we feel at liberty to say a word when action inconsistent with profession may be alleged. It is the general body which is responsible for such action, and on whom the blame should rest, and as one of the great body, we are in a measure responsible, and have too a right to call attention. We recently received a printed copy of the proceedings of another jurisdiction which was printed by a house of which no member is a Freemason or in sympathy therewith, and in fact its members are reputed to be Roman Catholics, which church is well known to be opposed to the Masonic Institution—opposed to republican institutions, and to religious freedom. This inconsistency does not end here, for that Grand Body, by its financial statement, pays 25 per cent. more for the service of that Romish house than we would undertake it for in precisely like form, and a dozen other good houses and firms would do the same. This, seems to us, an inconsistency not reconcilable with the obligations and professions of our Institution, and it is due to the members of the Craft who are Freemasons and are contributing of their hard earnings to sustain the work of the Masonic Institution that they should receive such work in preference to those who are professed enemies to our Institution and its principles. We allude to this instance in illustration of some others we know of equal inconsistency, and to answer in the negative the statement that we as a Fraternity do not *always* "encourage our own," but sometimes furnish aid and comfort to our enemies. Does not such a business policy militate against the prosperity and good fellowship of our Institution? We opine that such transactions have much to do with the dissatisfaction often expressed by brethren in "good standing" and well known as "regular Masons."

We were approached recently by an impecunious brother who has formerly seen prosperity, but now in want of employment to keep the wolf from the door. He instanced many positions he was perfectly competent to fill within

the gift of Masons, which are occupied by the profane, even official positions of trust in the Fraternity, where delinquency would be more fatal to the Fraternity than the episode of three score years ago, well known to the elders and should be a beacon of warning to the present generation. In the instances, we refer to, we are powerless to remedy, but we desire our brethren to be warned in time as well as we desire to benefit our impecunious brethren.

Complaint from British Columbia.

Numbers of Masons are now domiciled in this Jurisdiction, whom we never know or hear of until sickness or distress comes upon them, or at times when they want to display their connection with us on public occasions; others again retain their membership with Lodges in other jurisdictions, where their dues are small, and where it appears their zeal for the institution is regulated somewhat by its cheapness, and when they need material aid are almost quite sure to call us to their assistance. And while we stand ever ready to help those who are found worthy, the fact must be borne in mind that the expenses attending our charities are threefold greater than they are in the Eastern Provinces; and, as a consequence, sometimes heavy burdens are thrown upon our Lodges. Our experience in endeavoring to obtain some return from the Lodges of other jurisdictions has not been encouraging. In fact I have yet to know of a single case where Eastern Lodges have made any effort to reimburse our outlay to their members, either wholly or in part, no matter how hard the circumstances of the particular case may be. Our membership in this jurisdiction is comparatively small, and our expenses are consequently heavy, which, as you are aware, is incidental to this new western country; and, as charity commences at home, we have ample room to dispose of our funds for the benefit of members of our own household, without giving to those who do not fully appreciate our acts, and who, in some cases, have not the courtesy even

to reply to our correspondence. In striking contrast has been our experience with the Pacific Coast States, and especially with California, that noble Masonic State, which is ever foremost to reciprocate our charities."

—A. R. Milne, G. M. of B. C.

The only remedy for this manifest injustice to the Fraternity in the newly settled portions of our country is the establishment of uniform dues and fees in the whole nation to one general fund, and an assessment from the general fund whenever most needed. This can only be accomplished through the National Grand Lodge. Such a body is demanded under present conditions and the great mass of the Fraternity believe it should be created, but it is unpopular among certain prominent Masons who fear that their influence will be impaired or their importance lessened by thus centralizing the government and financial management of the Institution.

Reports on Correspondence.

The report of the Committee on Correspondence of the Grand Lodge of Arizona, for 1889 appears under this legend—"Tis a question of dollars and sense." Following is the report of thirty pages which for five preceding years in which it has been printed has added an average expenditure of \$88.31 to the expense of the printed proceedings, or about \$1.10 per page. The cost of the printed proceedings, of 1888, contains with cover sixty-four pages *without* the report on correspondence, was \$112.00, or nearly double that figure. In *one* respect it is a question of dollars and *cents*.

The question is asked "do these Reports pay?" The Committee answer with good common sense, "We presume, that, to a great extent, this depends on how they are written, and whether they are read by our members. If a knowledge of the ritual, the possession of signs, grips and passwords, is all that is required to make a Mason, then your money and the Committee's labor have been spent for naught. If, however,

Masonry means more than this, if, inculcating a thirst for knowledge, she desires to place in the hands of her votaries the means whereby they may, if willing, learn of Masonic love and wisdom, can she avail herself of a more practicable method than the medium of these reports?"

We coincide with Bro. Goldwater, (we suppose the writer to be him,) and desire that these printed proceedings should be placed in the hands of members of every subordinate Lodge who will call on its Secretary for a copy. The expense of printing about 400 extra copies for Arizona is a mere bagatelle. Its influence would soon be widely felt for the prosperity and interest in the Institution. In California, the expense is about \$2,200 for 2,000 books, the principal expense being in the preparation and type setting. The expense of paper, press work, binding and distribution of 14,000 additional copies, which would give a copy to every member of every subordinate Lodge, would reduce the cost of the whole number required to less than fifty cents each. At present only four copies are allowed to each Lodge of all its officers and members, and these are restricted to the Master, Wardens and Secretary, and they are seen no more. With the diffusion of the knowledge in these reports, an increase of interest in Masonry among its members might reasonably be expected, as brethren would have authentic information of the benefits of our Institution. More than this, we believe that no institution exists which receives and disburses so much money and does so much work for humanity, of which the members generally are so much in ignorance of what is accomplished and for the amount which each and every member contributes, and he is at least entitled to a report which costs so small a sum in comparison to his contribution. The *Arizona* report should be in the hands of every brother in that jurisdiction as one *good* to be read, and in fact *all* jurisdictions should supply every member of the Lodge with their reports.

New Masonic Temple.

A Committee of Conference composed of delegates from all the Masonic Bodies in this city, having under consideration the matter of erecting a new Masonic Temple, convened in St. John's Hall, Masonic Temple, on Friday evening, January 24th, and was duly organized by the election of Brilsford P. Flint as Chairman, and H. T. Graves, Secretary. An Executive Committee was chosen, consisting of one member from each of the bodies represented. On Friday evening, January 31st, the General Committee met pursuant to adjournment, at which time the report of the Executive Committee was read. That report is as follows:

The stock of the "Masonic Hall Association" of San Francisco consists of 25,000 shares, of a par value of ten dollars per share, making the capital stock of the corporation \$250,000.

The stock has been sold for as high as sixteen dollars per share, or sixty per cent, above par, and is undoubtedly worth, at the present time, eighteen dollars per share, or eighty per cent. above par.

The present owners of the stock are as follows:

The Grand Lodge of California	3,889	shares.
The Grand Chapter of California	1,700	"
The Grand Commandery of California	1,103	"
The Grand Consistory of California	20	"
California Lodge, No. 1	2,537	"
Parfaite Union, No. 17	80	"
Occidental, No. 22	1,256	"
Golden Gate, No. 30	300	"
Mouut Moriah, No. 44	928	"
Fidelity, No. 120	500	"
Crockett, No. 139	30	"
Oriental, No. 144	274	"
Excelsior, No. 166	300	"
Doric, No. 216	194	"
California Council, No. 2, R. & S. M.	75	"
San Francisco Chapter, No. 1, R. A. M.	502	"
California Chapter, No. 5	1,561	"
California Commandery, No. 1, K. T.	950	"
Yerba Buena L. of Perf.	50	"
Masonic Board of Relief	4	"
In addition to the foregoing, there are standing in the names of several parties, as "Trustees," some of which is known to be the property of Lodges, or other Masonic Bodies	2,647	"
Of the balance there is standing in the name of the widow of a deceased brother	1,601	"
And in the names of a son and two daughters of the same	1,599	"
Making a total, thus far, of	22,100	"

The remaining 2,900 shares are divided up among eighty-seven differ-

ent holders, the highest number of shares standing in any one name being four hundred and forty, and the lowest number being two shares, or an average of thirty-three and one-third shares to each of the eighty-seven holders.

The income of the Masonic Hall for the past—say—ten years, has been sufficient to pay all improvements, alterations, repairs, taxes, insurance, gas, water, salaries and incidentals, and to leave a surplus to be divided to the stockholders at the rate of eight per cent. per annum on the par value of the stock; or at the rate of four and forty-four hundredths per cent. per annum on a valuation of \$450,000 for the property, that being at the rate of eighteen dollars per share for the stock.

The Board of Directors of the Masonic Hall Association has no power to dispose of its property, nor to invest any portion of its funds in the new enterprise, without the consent of two-thirds of all the stockholders. Such consent, "in the very nature of things," it would be very difficult to obtain, and your Committee are of the opinion that the selection of a site, and the erection of a new temple should be taken in hand and proceeded with, without any reference to the sale or other disposition of the property now known as the "Masonic Temple." That property will take care of itself under any and all circumstances, and the stockholders therein will act their own individual pleasure in holding or disposing of their shares.

We are of the opinion that the necessary funds can be secured, with but very little trouble, sufficient to secure an eligible lot, and to erect thereon a Temple that will meet all the requirements of the Craft, and be a lasting credit to our Fraternity, as well as to our city and State.

It was *Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Conference Committee that no member of the organizations represented by this committee, sell, or otherwise dispose of its stock or interest in said Masonic Hall Association, without the knowledge of the other Masonic bodies, and a like opportunity for them, and

each of them, to so sell and dispose of their stock and interest at the same rate."

The Lodges and other Masonic bodies of the city are respectfully requested to take action in the premises at the earliest possible date, and to instruct their representatives accordingly.

Making Members Too Fast.

Looking over the report of the Eastern Star sent us recently from another jurisdiction, we noticed with surprise that the Grand Patron of Missouri in 1888, says, "We are making members too rapidly—by the half dozen and dozen in one evening." The returns of that body for the year show 21 Chapters and 1,197 members, while the Grand Lodge returns of that State show 537 Lodges and over 26,000 Master Masons. Now, as the whole of this last number are eligible for the Eastern Star, and as the lady relatives to twice that number are *entitled* to them by such relationship, and, we think, *should* have them, there ought to be at least 75,000 members of the Eastern Star in Missouri. This result was evidently the intention of the founders of the Order. Such we were informed when we became a novitiate nearly a quarter of a century ago.

And why is it not so? Because its intent and object has been perverted by time and innovations to almost disconnect itself from the Great Body of Masonry and become an appendage to it, where the *creme de la creme* could be skimmed off and selected out, and it has become so select that instead of Master Masons and their female relatives having any *rights* in the Eastern Star for whom it was intended, they are only *qualified* by such connection for the *privilege to make application* for initiation therein, and have to undergo even a more thorough and searching investigation than for membership in the Great Body.

Is not this the explanation of the situation in Missouri and elsewhere.

Now, as we do not desire to appear as one who would tear down and not

upbuild or offer a substitute therefor, we suggest to our Eastern Star brethren and sisters the propriety of abolishing all objections to membership of Master Masons, their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and widows, requiring only the evidence of the fact, and not even the formality of a ballot. The report of a Committee of Investigation should be satisfactory. Adopt this practice and the Eastern Star would grow—yes, outgrow in number and power for good the Great Body of which it is now in comparison but an insignificant appendage.

If one is a Mason in good standing his female relatives are entitled to definite consideration, which is all that the Order of the Eastern Star can do for them.

Grand Lodge of Utah.

The Grand Lodge of Utah elected the following grand officers for the ensuing year:

Arthur M. Grant, G. M.; Wm. G. Van Horne, D. G. M.; Watson N. Shilling, S. G. W.; Alexander D. Moffatt, J. G. W.; John S. Scott, G. T.; Christopher Diehl, G. S.; William H. Randall, G. C.; Charles S. Varian, G. O.; Wm. F. James, G. L.; Charles A. Henry, G. M.; John B. Farlow, G. S. B.; Frederick C. Schramm, G. S. B.; Adolph Anderson, G. S. D.; James Murdock, G. J. D.; Joseph W. Cook, G. S. S.; Joseph F. Thompson, G. J. S.; John F. Corker, Grand Tyler.

Grand Lodge of Arizona.

By the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Arizona, at their annual communication held at Tucson in November last, which are just received, we learn that the following are the officers for the present year:

Geo. J. Roskrige, of Tucson, Grand Master; Geo. W. Cheyney, of Tombstone, D. G. M.; John Y. T. Smith, of Phoenix, G. S. W.; Alexander G. Oliver, of Prescott, G. J. W.; Martin W. Kales, of Phoenix, G. Treas.; John McO. Ormsby, of Tucson, G. Sec'y; Nathan L. Guthrie, G. Chap.; Thomas J. Butler, G. Or.; Morris Goldwater, G. Lec.; Jacob Abraham, G. Mar.; Chas. M. Strauss, G. B. B.; Francis M. Zuck, G. St. B.; Thos. Cordis, G. Sw. B.; Frederic G. Brecht, G. S. D.; F. L. W. Baxter, G. J. D.; David Cohn, G. S. S.; Chas. A. Fisk, G. J. S. Joseph B. Tappan, G. P.; James D. Monihan, G. Org. Albert S. Fonshee, G. Tyler.

In Arizona there are eight Lodges with 424 members. The delegates, some of them, travel four or five days to attend Grand Lodge without mileage or per diem. The last communication in November was appointed at Globe, but

was changed to Tucson, by reason of danger from the Indians.

The next communication will be held at Phoenix, Nov. 11, 1890.

Laying a Corner Stone.

The corner-stone of the State Reform School at Whittier, was laid on the 12th inst., by the Grand Lodge of California, R. W. Bro. Henry S. Orme, as Grand Master. About ten thousand persons witnessed the ceremonies. Addresses were made by President Hervey Lindley, of the Board of Trustees, Hon. Enoch Knight, Gov. R. W. Waterman, Dr. Josiah Sims, Hon. J. M. Damron and Hon. W. C. Hendricks. From the Governor's address, we learn that there are 3,894 orphans now in asylums in this State, and that the State expended for these little ones for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1889, the sum of \$124,583.79, being about 5 per cent. of the taxation of the State. The Grand Lodge was escorted by Cœur de Lion Commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar. In the procession were eight bands of music, eight companies of the National Guard of California, six Posts, G. A. R., Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, United Workmen and other organizations. Grand Master Orme performed his duty with grace and dignity. It was a beautiful day and the occasion was one long to be remembered for its display.

Editorial Chips.

We are under obligations to the Secretaries of the following Grand Bodies for printed copies of their proceedings: Grand Lodges of California, Alabama, Colorado, Indian Territory, Nevada, Kentucky (colored), Delaware, Arizona; Grand Chapters of Nevada, Ohio; General Grand Council of the U. S.; Grand Councils of Kentucky, Illinois; Grand Commanderies of New York, Virginia, Maryland; Grand Chapters, O. E. S. of California, Illinois, Arkansas; Supreme Council of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the U. S. for 1889.

We have repeatedly heard it stated that Jefferson Davis was a Freemason, and that his exemption from punishment was due to his connection with our Fraternity. Under date of December 16, 1885, he wrote Col. J. L. Power, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi in reply to an enquiry, as follows: "I, Jefferson Davis, am *not* and never have been a Free and Accepted Mason." Masonry could not have had "much to do with securing my pardon," (quoting from an anti-Masonic circular) "as I have never been pardoned, or applied to Masonry to secure a pardon." He adds further: "I have never felt otherwise than a friendly regard for the Fraternity, and never could have written or spoken in any other spirit. To exclude a possible injurious inference, I will add that my *father* was a Mason, and I was led to regard the fraternity with respect. * * * * * Viewing Freemasonry from a distance and judging the tree by its fruits, I have believed it in itself to be good."

Bro. John Doherty, of Oakland Lodge, No. 188, writes as follows: "In reading the Holy Scriptures, I find in the Book of Exodus, Chap. XXXV, Verses 30 to 35, that the Grand Architect of the Universe commanded Moses to construct the *Tabernacle* and called Bezaleel and Aholibah, children of *Dan*, and gave them all knowledge, how to do the work. Therefore Moses, Bezaleel and Aholibah were the first Grandmasters. Consequently Freemasonry is of divine origin."

In seventeen States, aliens are voters after declaring their intention to become citizens, a large percentage of which never go beyond the declaration. The declaration of intention in such States gives them all the rights of citizenship, but they are exempt from jury and military duty, and there is no law compelling them to become citizens. There should be a national law withholding the right to vote from all who are not citizens in fact, and a period should be fixed within which an alien should become a citizen after declaring his intention to be such.

The *Masonic Journal* of Dunedin, N. Z., has been succeeded by the *New Zealand Craftsman*, making the fifth attempt in four years to establish a Masonic paper in a jurisdiction with 8,000 Masons. We hope this one will succeed as it deserves well to do.

In Alabama there are 483 clergymen who are members of the Masonic Fraternity. Bro. Charles C. Stevenson of Idaho, Chairman of the Committee on Correspondence, exclaims: "Great Scott! If they act there like they do in some jurisdictions, it is no wonder the thing is drying up. Have plenty of conviviality and very little long-faced sanctity in your Lodges, and your membership will increase."

We notice a disposition in several quarters to pursue Brother Frank J. Thompson, of Dakota, into his retirement from the Committee on Correspondence of the Grand Lodge. Our brother has peculiar ideas concerning the Deity and divinity of the Bible, different from those prevailing among the various sects of Christendom. We are not going to apologize for or explain his unbelief—that he has done as well as he could until the opportunity is withdrawn by the sentiment of his Grand Lodge. We would rather now drop the discussion of his utterances, as he is not in a situation to defend them, and extend to him Masonic Charity, and pray God to help his unbelief, for his faith may be lost in sight, and his little spark of hope end in fruition. As "the prayers of the righteous availeth much," so let *us* work and let *him* rest.

The question has arisen in New Jersey whether the Grand Lodge shall assist its subordinates when their funds become exhausted by drafts for charity. This case is one in which the San Francisco Board of Relief is interested and the beneficiary is still a charge. Some plan should be devised to equalize the burdens of Lodges in each jurisdiction if not in the whole country, otherwise there will be failures among Lodges as among business men when their load is too great to carry.

We are indebted to E. Sir Clark Var-num, Grand Commander of Iowa, for a printed copy of his address and appendix, delivered at the last annual conclave of that Jurisdiction.

The Board of Benevolence meeting at Freemason's Hall, London, made grants in December amounting to £380, and in January for £775, in various amounts from £5 to £25, to applicants for charity.

The Australia Grand Lodge permits its subordinates to regulate the number of blackballs necessary to reject a candidate for initiation, and it may be one, two or three. In some Lodges there is a plan of mentioning the names of an intending candidate at one meeting, and reading the petition at the next meeting. This gives the proposer an opportunity to prevent his friend from applying when he finds an unfavorable opinion about him. We cannot see any good in thus avoiding a direct decision.

The Past Masters' Association held its annual election on the 22d inst., at the Masonic Temple, Jerome Spaulding, President, in the chair. The following officers were elected for the year: Walter S. Brown, President; David M. Richards, John N. Young, Vice-Presidents; Alex. G. Abell, Treasurer; Ludwig Schumacher, Secretary; Charles H. Bryan Marshal; Elias C. Hare, Tyler. The Association will hold a Lodge of Sorrow on Saturday evening, March 29, to commemorate the Masonic life and services of its members who have deceased during the past year. John N. Young will deliver an address before the association at its monthly meeting, April 26th next.

Upon the face of it, it seems rather hard, that a brother who has devoted the best part of his life to the interests of Masonry should be refused the simple act of having a sprig of evergreen dropped upon his coffin by the brethren with whom he had so long associated, simply because he had become impecunious and unable to pay his dues which is requisite to preserve membership in a Lodge.

The leaven is working in favor of a National Symbolic Body. The Committee of the Masonic Veterans' Association of the District of Columbia, in inviting the Veterans of other States to meet at Washington in October last said: "We are not directed or authorized to propose anything for its discussion. But we may, without danger of giving offence, state the fact that the Symbolic Masonry of the United States has no national organization; and we may properly say, further, that such a convention may legitimately consider whatever may be proposed or suggested for the benefit of Freemasonry, or for a more widely extended and closer union of its Veterans throughout the country, by the formation of Associations where, as yet there are none, and otherwise in its discretion. The conservative influences of the old and experienced workmen may thus be concentrated, abuses be reformed, innovations discountenanced, and the prosperity and efficiency of the Institution increased. And, if there should be no other result, there are, surely, pleasure and profit to be had by all of us, from brotherly intercourse and communion, from the renewed greeting of old friends and the acquisition of new ones, and from the additions thus made to each one's store of pleasant remembrances. It can hardly be that some profit to Freemasonry itself will not come of our foregathering."

The Grand Lodge of Minnesota on January 15th declared a penalty of expulsion against members holding relations with the Cerneau schism, thus asserting the supremacy of Symbolic Masonry over the "higher" degrees and rites. We hope to see California, Illinois and Indiana, Michigan and New York follow at their next annual communications.

Visiting brethren should see that their receipts for dues are not more than one year old, otherwise in this jurisdiction, no examination will be had or visit be permitted, Such is the law as expounded by the Master at a Lodge meeting recently.

The seizure of \$30,000,000 of income of 24,000 charitable associations, by the Italian government, will amount, if they are 4 per cents, to \$750,000,000 of principal.

Officers for 1890.

Morning Star Lodge, No. 68, Stockton—Orrin S. Henderson, W. M.; Henry C. Keyes, S. W.; Frank E. Lane, J. W.; Frederick M. West, Treas.; George A. McKenzie, Sec'y; Edward E. Hood, S. D.; John Jory, J. D.; Richard W. Russell, Mar.; William Woolsey and Archibald Leitch, Stewards; Phillip T. Brown, Tyler.

Surprise Valley Lodge, No. 235, Cedarville—James Wylie, W. M.; C. B. Ruth, S. W.; W. D. Hudspath, J. W.; J. F. Bettner, Treas.; T. H. Johnston, Sec'y; W. F. Cressler, S. D.; J. E. Sly, J. D.; W. H. McCormick, Mar.; J. M. Hornback and R. W. Minto, Stewards; H. L. Merryfield, Tyler.

Evergreen Lodge, No. 259, Riverside, S. B. Hinkley, W. M.; W. E. Keith, S. W.; C. W. Filkins, J. W.; J. S. Castleman, Treas.; R. P. Cundiff, Sec'y; J. W. Johnson, S. D.; O. Papineau, J. D.; J. T. Jarvis and Geo. Ward, Stewards; C. W. Waterman, Tyler.

South West Lodge, No. 283, National City—Phineas D. Vaughan, W. M.; Geo. L. Tenawine, S. W.; Augustus B. Kimball, J. W.; Geo. L. Kimball, Treas.; Geo. H. Hancock, Sec'y; Henry E. Cooper, S. D.; John Ivers, J. D.; Hugh J. Baldwin, Mar.; Herbert T. Risdon and Albert H. Matthiessen, Stewards; William Eggleston, Tyler.

Heppner Lodge, No. 69, Oregon—D. W. Hernor, W. M.; P. O. Borg, S. W.; George Nucle, J. W.; E. G. Sloan, Treas.; J. W. Morrow, Sec'y; Charles Royce, S. D.; E. G. Sperry, J. D.; R. C. Hart, Tyler.

Dayton Lodge, No. 53, Wash.—M. Riggs, W. M.; E. H. Van Patten, S. W.; A. Nilson, Jr., J. W.; J. F. Hall, Treas.; J. H. Hosler, Sec'y; Frank Guernsey, S. D.; Lars Nilson, J. D.; A. H. Kribs and L. F. Jones, Stewards, W. H. Holiday, Tyler.

Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 24, Butte City, Montana—J. A. Fraser, W. M.; J. B. Coulter, S. W.; Albert Munger, J. W.; Wm. Hamilton, Treas.; E. A. McPherson, Sec'y; Jas. Teppetts, S. D.; Add Williams, J. D.; George Lindsay and August Larson, Stewards; Fred McDonald, Tyler.

Veritas Chapter, No. 84, Colusa.—Mrs. Sarah De St. Maurice, Matron; Robert Cosner, Patron; Mrs. Sarah E. Seawell, A. M.; Mrs. Lydia C. Cosner, Sec'y; Anna A. West, Treas.; Miss Kate Swinford, Con.; Mrs. Nettie Jones, A. Con.; Miss Mana Hamilton, Adah; Mrs. Emma Heitmann, Ruth; Miss Isa W. Stanton, Esther.

Yosemite Chapter, No. 98, O. E. S., Oakdale—M. E. Woods, M.; M. V. Mann, P.; Sarah M. Baker, A. M.; Sanford C. Baker, Sec'y; W. H. Cook, Treas.; Dora Rodden, Con.; E. F. Mann, A. C.; Jennie Bardo, Adah; Hattie Cook, Ruth; M. A. Reynolds, Esther; M. A. Wiard, Martha; A. S. Reynolds, Electa; Enoch Reynolds, Warder; David Rickart, Sentinel.

Chips from the Quarry.

--A year or more since, Wm. H. Peckham, Past M. P. Sov. Grand Commander of what is known as the Gorgas Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite, renounced his allegiance to that body and severed all connection with it, and now comes the pleasing intelligence that the veritable M. P. Sov. Grand Commander, Ferdinand J. S. Gorgas, has abdicated the throne and will be no longer a disturbing element in Scottish Rite Masonry.—*Masonic Advocate*.

—We are sometimes on the keen edge of discontent with our brother. We snap and snarl at every word, forgetting the hour when we bonded our life to his in the woven strands of good-will and charity.

—The late Bro. Dr. Oliver, in his "Masonic Jurisprudence," expressed it as his opinion that a brother who is present in Lodge is under an obligation to give his vote one way or the other, and states that under the Scottish Constitution he is required to do so.

—The walls of the Masonic hall, in Newry, Ireland, are covered with old certificates, warrants, copies of ancient seals, and red and black cloaks, once worn by Masters of Lodges and Temples.

—*Trowel*.

—Anderson, in his Ancient Landmarks, restricted the privileges of Masonry to men of *sound limb* and to *free born*. The Grand Lodge of England has always discarded the *sound limb* condition, and for *free born* it substituted "*free men*."

—*Jacob Norton*.

—We are glad to note the position which some of the leading Grand Jurisdictions are taking respecting the Cerneaus. We do not believe that a Grand Lodge does right to acknowledge by silence the legitimacy of this body. If every Grand Lodge would, by resolution, put the stamp of condemnation upon this spurious outgrowth of designing men, it would find no votaries from the ranks of Masons. It is the ignorance of its spuriousness that leads brethren to become its members.—*F. J. Thompson of Dakota*.

—The Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Maryland has reiterated its edict against the Grand Orient of France. It also has exonerated Bro. Ferdinand J. S. Gorgas from the charge of wilful violation of the edict, and received from him, approvingly, the announcement of his determination to withdraw from the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite and to devote himself to Symbolic Masonry. His conclusion is wise, for Cerneauism is a constant disturber of Masonic peace and unity and has no jurisdiction anywhere.

—*Voice of Masonry*.

—The art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.

—*Clark Varnum, of Iowa.*

—The Grand Chapter of Connecticut has no mileage or *per diem* expense, and yet every Chapter but one answered to the roll call, and that one will be fined unless a good excuse is given next year. Grand old Connecticut.

—By far the greatest question bearing on the well-being of the Masonic Order in California to-day is how to induce those brethren made in this jurisdiction who may have fallen by the roadside, also those craftsmen who have migrated from other Grand jurisdictions and have now their homes and families in the Golden State, to affiliate with California Lodges. The Grand Officer, be he elected or appointed, who can bring about a more general affiliation will have earned the commendation of his brethren of the mystic tie. Non-affiliation is among the crying evils of California to-day, and, like other evils, is still growing; and it is sheer nonsense for any Grand Lodge officer, whose duty it is to take such burning questions under advisement and bring them to the attention of the Craft, not to recognize the fact and act accordingly. It is a safe proposition to say that there are as many good men and true who are not contributing members of any Lodge as there are on the roll of membership of subordinate bodies in the State.—*Alta California.*

—The present Pope of Rome published a bull against us not long ago. He calls us “the city of Satan.” He says: “The plan of secret societies is no longer a mystery. It is a struggle against the church, and the various Popes have properly excommunicated Freemasons.” He, the Pope, says, “The dangerous doctrines are, that men have all the same rights, and are perfectly equal in condition; that no one has a right to command others; that it is tyranny to keep men subject to any other authority than that which emanates from themselves; that the origin of all rights is in

the people or in the State, which is ruled according to the new principles of liberty; that there is no reason why one religion ought to be preferred to another—that all are to be held in the same esteem.” To all of which the genial Bob Burdette says: “Well, now, that may be very dangerous over in Europe, but it sounds all right over here. We believe that this United States government is founded on these very Masonic principles. If that is all the Pope has to say against the ‘Free and Accepted Masons,’ then we, as an imperial outsider, neither a Pope nor a Mason, shout, ‘Long live the goat!’ and back him against the bull, to win every time. Back him head first, too, as that’s the way the goat backs most effectively. And, by the way, in Ireland, which we believe is a Catholic country, and outside of Ireland certain Irishmen, whom we believe to be Catholics, are bravely fighting, with their mouths, and laying down their lives, in their minds, for these very same principles of liberty, equality and the reign of the common people. ‘The horns of the goat seem to be exalted.’”

—*Bro. Stedman, of Connecticut.*

DEATHS.

In this city, Warren H. Mills, a member of Mt. Vernon Lodge, No. 4, Providence, R. I., aged about 57 years. His funeral was attended by Excelsior Lodge, No. 166, on the 2d inst.

In this city, Feb. 1, Hugh W. Johnston, a native of County Down, Ireland, aged 43 years. The funeral was attended by Crockett Lodge, No. 139.

In this city, 3d inst., William H. Porter, a native of Maryland, aged 57 years. His funeral was attended by Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, K. T., Golden Gate Chapter, No. 1, O. E. S.

In this city, 3d inst., Charles J. Housefeldt, a native of Germany, a member of Hayward Lodge, No. 226, aged 46 years. His funeral was attended by Oriental Lodge, No. 144.

In this city, 6th inst., Benno Speyer, a native of Germany, a member of Herman Lodge, No. 127, aged 74 years.

At Santa Barbara, 8th inst., Captain Henry B. Williams, of Williams, Dimond & Co., a native of Woodstock, Vermont, a member of Occidental Lodge, No. 22, aged 70 years.

At Cedarville, Cal., Nov. 20, 1889, Russell Thorpe, a member of Oregon Lodge, No. 420, Oregon, Illinois. His funeral was attended by Surprise Valley Lodge, No. 235, of Cedarville.

In Oakland, 14th inst., Charles A. Hawley, a native of Connecticut, aged 59 years. His funeral was attended by Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 44, and California Commandery, No. 1, of which he was a member.

On the train at Irvington, 15th inst., ex-Judge A. C. Bradford, Register of the U. S. Land Office in this city, a native of Delaware, aged 60 years. He was a Royal Arch Mason.

At Bangor, Maine, 14th inst., Capt. Alpheus T. Palmer, a '49er in Marysville, California. He gave Marysville a Masonic Hall.

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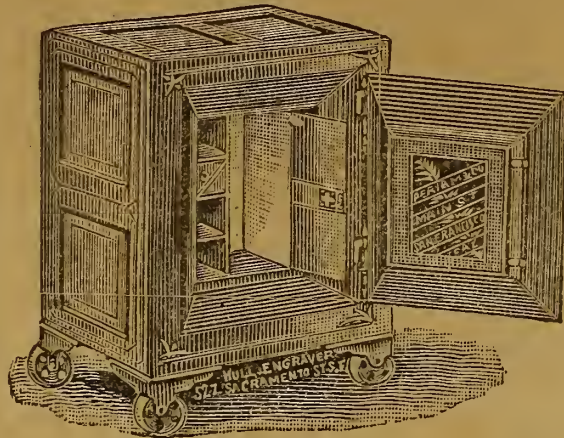
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